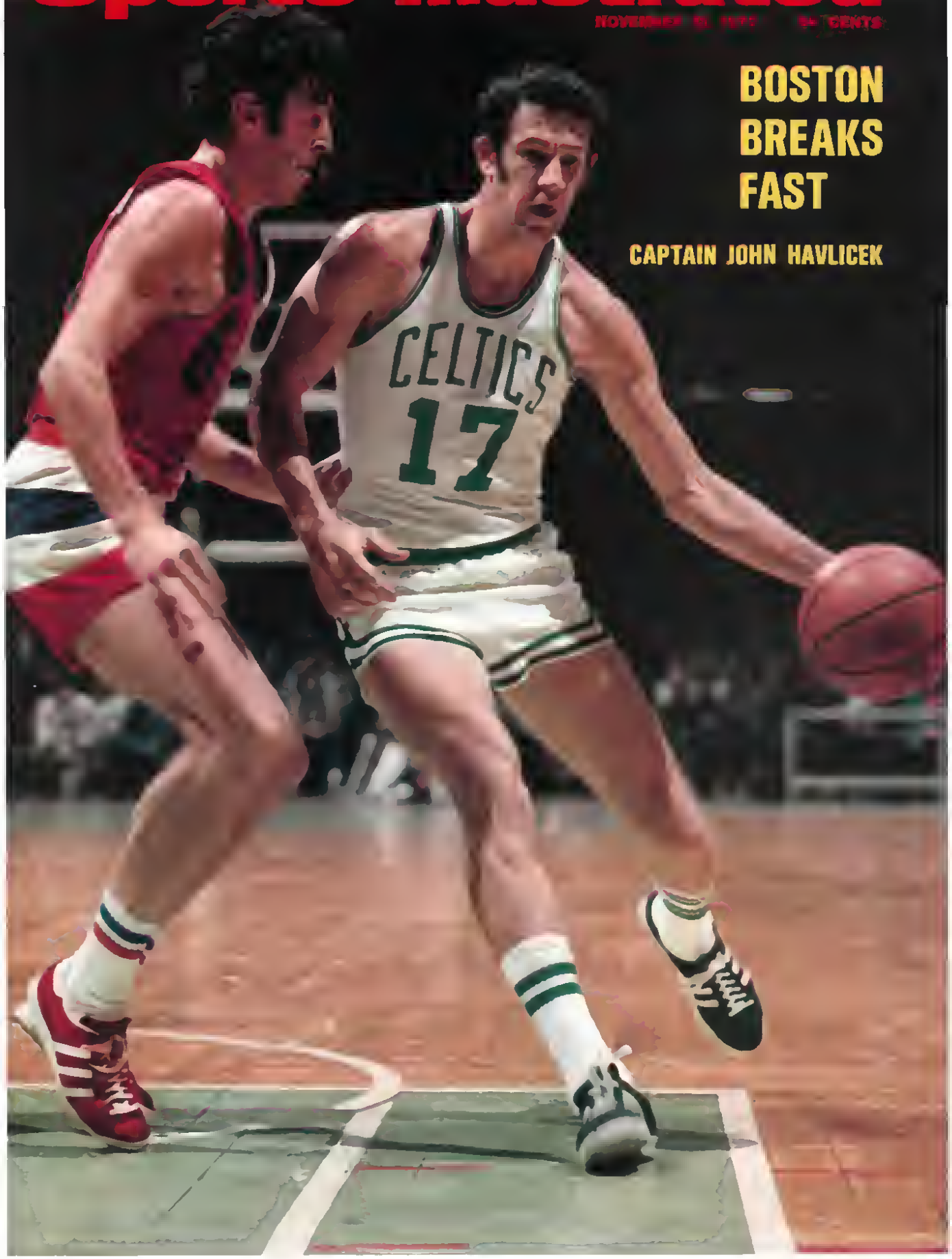
Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 13, 1972 25 CENTS

BOSTON BREAKS FAST

CAPTAIN JOHN HAVLICEK



RCA XL-100 takes out a major cause of tv repairs.

And adds the strongest color tv guarantee in RCA history.



The XL-100s. 100% Solid State.

XL-100 model GR-802, "Royalton" (25" diagonal). Simulated tv reception.

Chassis tubes are a major cause of TV repairs. So RCA presents more than 50 models without a single chassis tube.



Tubes get hot and weaken with age. RCA XL-100s don't have chassis tube problems because they don't have chassis tubes. XL-100s are 100% solid state. Most set functions are controlled by RCA's 12 plug-in AccuCircuits. They're solid state—designed to keep cool, last longer, and be easy to service. Solid state color is the most advanced you can get. And RCA builds more, sells more, offers more models than anyone in America. All backed with

A stronger guarantee because . . .

1. You get a full year on parts (picture tube—2 years) and labor. Most other color TV models are not 100% solid state—and give you only 90 days on labor.

2. You choose any serviceman you want. Most other warranties limit you to an authorized list.

3. RCA encourages your serviceman to do his best work by paying him at his going rate. Most others set a maximum payment.

100% brighter picture.



XL-100s are 100% brighter than our comparable sets of 3 years ago. Every console and table model has RCA's black matrix picture tube. You get the kind of sharp, vivid color you'd expect from the people who pioneered color TV.

Simple automatic tuning.

RCA XL-100s have a fiddle free tuning system—with a flexibility feature most other sets don't have. RCA's AccuMatic color monitor makes it simple to custom tune color to your individual preference . . . and keep it that way.

Your XL-100 guarantee.

Here are the basic provisions. If anything goes wrong with your new XL-100 within a year from the day you buy it—and it's our fault—we'll pay to have it fixed. This includes regular labor charges plus parts (new or, at our option, rebuilt). Use any service shop in which you have confidence—no need to pick from an authorized list. If your set has a 19" diagonal screen, you take it in for service. For larger sets, a serviceman will come to your home. Present the warranty registration your dealer provided when you bought your set, and RCA will pay the repair bill. If the picture tube becomes defective during the first two years, we will exchange it for a rebuilt tube. (We pay for installation during the first year—you pay for it in the second year.) RCA's "Purchaser Satisfaction" warranty covers every set defect. It doesn't cover installation, foreign use, antenna systems or adjustment of customer controls.

Color you can count on.

RCA XL-100 100% SOLID STATE

The '73 Jeep®. We've got the guts to make it even better.



The most famous 4-wheel drive vehicle of them all is now tougher and longer-lasting...believe it or not!

Some people believe a Jeep vehicle will last forever. So probably they'll expect this year's model to serve even longer. Because we've made it more rugged than ever. With stronger drive train components. Improved clutch linkage. Tougher tires. And a fuel tank skid plate. All as standard equipment.

This year, The Jeep comes with more style, too. The instrument panel is handsome to look at, easy to read. This is a vehicle built for adventure.

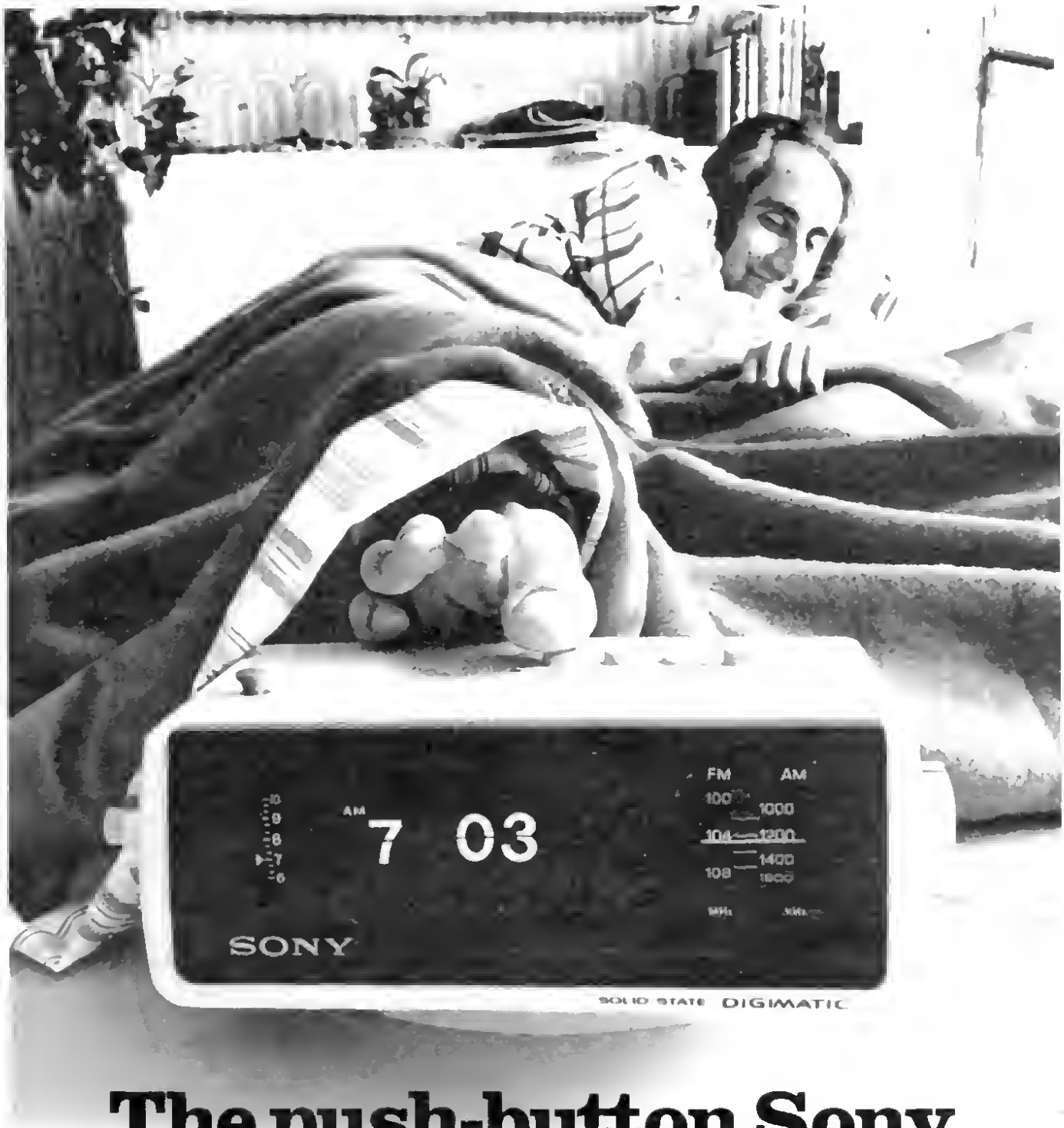
More than thirty years of 4-wheel drive experience have made it dependable. Mighty Six and V-8 engines have made it powerful. And its high ground clearance and short overhang have made it maneuverable.

From any point of view, The Jeep is the winner and still the off-road champion of the world.

Toughest 4-letter word on wheels.

Jeep

Buckle up for safety...drive your Jeep vehicle with cere end keep Americe the Beeutiful.



The push-button Sony.

Even the Einsteins among us have moments when we can't tell our AMs from our FMs.

And that's where Sony's push-button digimatic clock radio comes in.

With the flick of a finger, you can switch from Grand Funk to César Franck. Or On to Off.

And those big bold numerals are right up there telling you it's time to get the cobwebs out.

The 8FC-100W is nine and a half space-saving inches of sculptured white plastic that fits every decor from French Provincial to Early Pad. Yet it has a big 3" speaker, so you always get a rich, full sound.

You get a 24-hour alarm system, too. Plus illuminated dial for night tuning, plus earphone jack.

And you get those push-buttons that make getting up with this Sony just a touch easier.

At a time like that, we figure you can use all the help you can get.

SONY Ask anyone.

Who gets your life insurance money if your beneficiary dies before you do?

According to law, all money from your life insurance policy will then go into your estate.

If you'd like to make sure your money goes directly to a beneficiary, you can name a contingent beneficiary (a second person) to receive all or part of your life insurance money. . . in the event that the first person you name dies before you do.

Incidentally, you are free to name a new beneficiary at any time.

If you'd like to know more about life insurance, send today for your free copy of our fact-filled 64-page booklet, "Understanding Your Life Insurance." It will help the next time you have a talk with one of the trained life insurance agents in your community.

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The Sears Steel-Belted Radial.

Steel belts and radial design are the big reason it won first in class in the tire-shredding East African Safari race.



The 1971 East African Safari. 3,758 miles over all kinds of roads, with ruts, rocks, rivers, and rain forests. From Nairobi through Tanzania, to Mt. Kilimanjaro and back again.

We ran the East African Safari on Sears Steel-Belted Radials.

The same kind Sears sells for cars like yours.

They brought in car No. 3, a Ford Escort, first in its class. (Results certified by Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile.)

The secret? These are the tires that combine proven radial design (A) and two flexible steel belts under the tread (B), for more traction, more impact strength, and more mileage than just about any other tire you ever drove on.

In fact, they're the same kind of Steel-Belted Radials that we've driven over 70,000 smooth-riding highway miles. Like any tire, the mileage you get depends on how you drive. (For more details and rally facts, write to Sears, Roebuck and Co., Dept. 695, 303 E. Ohio, Chicago, Ill. 60611.)

Sears Steel-Belted Radials cost a little more. But that little goes a long, long way. And you can use Sears Easy Payment Plan.

Sears Steel-Belted Radial—the proven radial. Proven again on the tough roads of the world. Only at Sears.

Sizes may be limited in some stores

Sears

Tire and Auto Centers

Where you buy tires with confidence.

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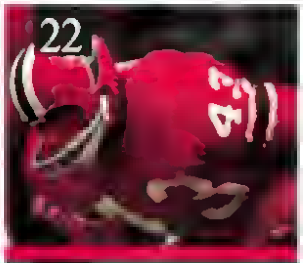
The yapping verse from the throats of hounds may not scan, but it is music to the ears of coon hunters

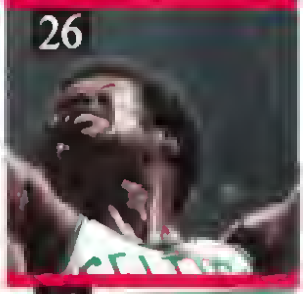
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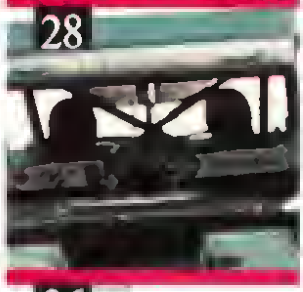
If the Colosseum falls, Rome will fall, or so a scholar said. Well, the ancient stadium is crumbling

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Next week

TO THE VICTOR of the crucial game between LSU and Alabama goes a lock on a conference championship and a clear shot at the national title. Roy Blount Jr. observes.

LEAPING FOR JOY in a cheerless land is Olympic hurdle champion John Akii-Bua. An account of an extraordinary visit to Uganda's hero by fellow Olympian Kenny Moore.

THE NEW SHOWPLACES of the sports world are snowplaces. An early-season look at ski areas all across the country, particularly a high-flying Utah resort called Snowbird.

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Carpet Of Antron® Transforms Look Of Pittsburgh Airport

Unique Soil-Hiding Fiber Is Anticipated To Trim Upkeep By 40% Over Hard Floors

PITTSBURGH—The goal of reducing floor maintenance costs has transformed the appearance of the Greater Pittsburgh International Airport, with its heavy flow of passengers and pushcarts.

Hard-surface floors throughout the terminal are now attractively covered by carpet with pile of Antron® nylon, a Du Pont fiber.

The choice of "Antron" was based on the exceptional wearing qualities and soil-hiding ability of the fiber. Its unique, hollow-core structure refracts light in a way that helps conceal the appearance of soil. Spots tend to blend into the overall color and texture of the carpet.

As a result, airport officials forecast a 40% saving in upkeep compared to the previous cost of hard-floor care.

They see improved safety, quiet, and long-term aesthetics as further advantages of the carpeting.

Applying the same advantages to your business means specifying carpet of "Antron". Information available from Du Pont, Centre Rd. Bldg., Rm. S1, Wilmington, DE 19898.

Du Pont is registered trade mark. Du Pont makes fibers, not carpets.

DU PONT

No shaver advertising dares compare their shave with a Ronson shave.

Here's why:

**Our micro-thin shaving screen is thinner than this page.
So our 36 surgical-sharp blades cut closer to the whisker base.
To cut as close as Ronson, you have to *get* as close as Ronson.
No shaver in America dares claim they can.**



No comparison: A Ronson shave is unsurpassed. Because the Ronson cutting system is unbeatable.

We created the first micro-thin shaving screen, years ago. Now others have tried to copy us.

But they don't have our unique cutting system. They don't have our 36 surgical-sharp blades. They don't have our high power motor that eats up whiskers at the softest touch. They don't have our "SuperTrim" or our Electric Self-Cleaning feature.

They don't have our great Replacement Kit, the only one that lets you replace *both* blades *and* screen to keep your Ronson shaver sharp as new. So to get closeness without comparison, you have to get a Ronson shaver. Try a Ronson today.

1000XL by RONSON

DIFFERENT BY DESIGN AND BETTER BECAUSE OF IT

Closeness without comparison.

UL

How a Lincoln agent helped Tom Curtis write a great American love story.



Tom Curtis is a writer
He pounds his typewriter long hours to give his wife and little girl a good life.
Tom loves his family. He wants to protect them.
That's why he asked a Lincoln National life insurance agent to help him write a kind of love story.
A love story that will protect Tom's family no matter what happens to him.
A personal insurance program that combines his hopes and finances and plans with the Lincoln tradition of making life insurance a gift of love.
Our agents won't show you how to love your family more, but they can show you how to express it.

Lincoln National

Give your friends a thrilling long run for their Christmas.

Sports Illustrated is one Christmas present that really covers a lot of ground. A gift that goes on giving excitement and pleasure to your sports loving friends — all the way from this Christmas to next Christmas.

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So why not get things rolling now, by sending in the attached order card today. That way, we'll be able to get your gift subscriptions started right at the holidays — with our spectacular Year-end Double Issue. And we'll send you handsome gift announcements in plenty of time for you to sign and put them under the tree.

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86 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
© i W Harper Distilling Co, Louisville, Ky.



"Get a grown-up camera," said Mr. Boog Powell.

"You're crazy," I said. "Do I look like some kind of photography nut?"

"You look like you're too big to fool with those toy cameras," he said. "They're all right for kids, but not for a 6'4" grown-up like you."

"But they're easy to use," I said.

"So is this 35mm rangefinder camera," he explained. "And that's where the similarity ends. This camera takes professional-looking pictures that only a grown-up camera could take. Because it's made by the people who make the famous Miranda Sensorex SLR's."

"You mean?"

"I mean this camera is just almost as grown-up as they are. Only smaller. So you can take it with you everywhere."

"You mean I don't have to worry about exposure times or shutter speeds?"

"Nothing," he said. "It's automatic."

"What about color shots?"

"Just aim and shoot."

"I don't know . . ."

"What are you worried about?" he said. "This Miranda camera has a 3-year guarantee. And it costs less than $130. If you want Miranda's compact 5-ounce electronic flash unit too, it costs less than $150."

"I'm sold. If Boog Powell can take grown-up pictures, so can Dick Butkus."

MIRANDA® SENSORET™

The small camera for grown-ups

AIC For details write Dept 112, AIC PHOTO INC. CARLE PLACE, N.Y. 11514

CHI



This Christmas, make a Perseverance Pie. It takes a wee dram of Grant's 8 Scotch. And Auntie Fiona's recipe. (Send for it.)

On Christmas day, 1887, after much perseverance, the first drops of Grant's Scotch ran from Major William Grant's new distillery.

It called for a celebration. And that was Auntie Fiona's job.

While all the other Grants were hard at work in the distillery, she had been working on her own masterpiece. A special Christmas pie, unlike anyone in the Highlands had ever tasted. It was a blend of fruits and spices, a surprise of beef, and a wee dram of Scotch, for good measure.

Christmas hasn't changed much in our family. Four generations later, we watch over the family Scotch—drop by drop—for eight full years. Our distillery is still Grant owned and Grant operated with the kind of dedication Auntie Fiona would be pleased with. And we still celebrate every year with her Christmas pie.

Get to know our family a little better this Christmas. Serve the treat we've named Perseverance Pie, because of everything it stands for. Just write us, William Grant & Sons, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020, and we'll send you the recipe.



Grant's 8. Scotch: share our family secret.

Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof. 1972 William Grant & Sons, Inc., N.Y. Imported Bottled in Scotland


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e matter at greater length.

I shouldn't close without telling you that we are all completely pleased with the appearance and performance of Nekoosa Bond on all of our business correspondence.

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Throughout the working week, we help American business keep its house in order. Great Northern Nekoosa. A leading producer of business communication papers. And a company whose searching spirit has positioned it in the most advanced areas of paper technology.

On business letterheads, you'll find us communicating executive decisions in companies both large and small. You'll find us popping out of office reproduction machines, appearing as printouts from computers. You'll find us wherever special problems require special solutions—in everything from business forms to papers designed for sophisticated optical and magnetic character recognition systems.

Our involvement, however, is not simply with the world of business. It's with the world of paper.

As a major supplier of newsprint, we help get out hundreds of morning, afternoon and weekly editions. As a prime contributor to the success of paperbacks, we help entertain and inform. As a leading producer of papers for catalogs, directories and magazines, we help increase the consumption of products and services.

However, deep as is our involvement with paper, our commitment to the printed word is deeper still. Because every paper we make is a vehicle for translating the word into a living experience.

Along the way, we've made another commitment. And that's to manage our resources so we can simultaneously help enhance man's knowledge and man's environment.

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Great Northern Nekoosa Corporation, Stamford, Conn. 06901.

CH5

"Whether you enjoy our brandy in a snifter, or mixed in your favorite way, you will always enjoy the taste that is ours alone. Light. Mellow. Smooth. We start planning for it the day we choose the grapes. A tradition of quality we will never change."

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Cellarmaster, The Christian Brothers

The Brandy Old-Fashioned. Photographed in our old stone winery, Napa Valley, California



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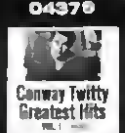


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- Iron Butterfly: In-A-Gadda Da-Vida — 03415
- The Sound Of Music — 00045
- Elton John: Honky Chateau — 13298
- Emerson, Lake & Palmer: Trilogy — 13959
- The Best of Mancini — 00222
- Nilsson: Son of Schmilsson — 13429
- Gilbert O'Sullivan Himself: Alone Again (Naturally) — 13792
- Loretta Lynn's Greatest Hits — 03316
- Alice Cooper: School's Out — 13459
- Van Morrison: Saint Dominic's Preview — 23505
- D. Martin's Greatest Hits — 03313
- Jethro Tull: Thick As A Brick — 10298
- Jefferson Airplane: Long John Silver — 13780
- The Best of Jim Reeves — 00267
- Cat Stevens: Catch Bull At Four — 10383
- Love Story Soundtrack — 04219
- Fiedler Pops Serenade — 03542

WOULD YOU PREFER YOUR 6 HITS ON RECORDS OR CASSETTES?

Yes, you can take your 6 hits (as well as future selections) on records or cassettes instead of cartridges! Just check box below. You still enjoy all the benefits described here.

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON TODAY!

Mail to: RCA MUSIC SERVICE, P.O. Box RCA 1, Indianapolis, Ind. 46291

Please accept my membership application in the RCA Music Service and send me the 6 hits I have chosen for 99¢. I agree to buy as few as six more at regular Music Service prices in the next two years, after which I may cancel my membership. I understand I may refuse the automatic shipment of each "Selection of the Month," order other selections, or none, by returning the dated card always provided. (Small shipping service charge added to each order.)

RUSH ME THESE 6 SELECTIONS (indicate by number)

I am most interested in the following type of music—but I am always free to choose from every category (check one only): ☐ Popular (Instrumental/Vocal Moods) ☐ Country & Western ☐ Classical ☐ Today's Sound (Rock/Soul/Folk) ☐ Broadway-Hollywood-TV

Send me these selections on (check one only): 8 Track Tape ☐ CARTRIDGES ☐ RECORDS ☐ CASSETTES

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss

(Please Print)

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Phone () Area Code

Zip

Limited to new members, continental U.S.A. only, one membership per family.

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Maybe you've never thought of your socks as sports equipment.

But if you look at it, they're almost as necessary as a golf club is to golf, a bat to baseball or a racquet is to tennis.

And just as you need different equipment for these sports, you also need different socks.

Some sports demand heavier socks, others lighter ones. Some even need a fashionable sock. And every sport requires a sock that's tough enough to stand up to the roughest game, yet feels comfortable and absorbent.

To give you specific socks for specific sports, we designed an authentic All Sports Collection.

Now whether you play tennis, golf, bowl, hunt, camp, ski, skate or take up team sports, we have the right socks for you. Available in sporting goods, department and men's stores.

So next time you go out for your favorite sport, equip yourself—feet first.

All Sports Collection™
Burlington Socks/Adler

Burlington Socks/Adler is a division of Burlington Industries at Burlington House, New York, N.Y. 10019



Another special place for Marlite: where walls have to take a beating.

Places that get all the action call for a special kind of wall: soilproof Marlite paneling.

In this bar, it's textured Marlite Barnside Planks. Enough like real barn siding to fool a farm boy. Weathered, rough, full of knots. But the real beauty of Marlite is the way it keeps looking great no matter what. Resists scuffs and stains, comes clean with just a damp cloth once-over. So your maintenance costs are practically zero.

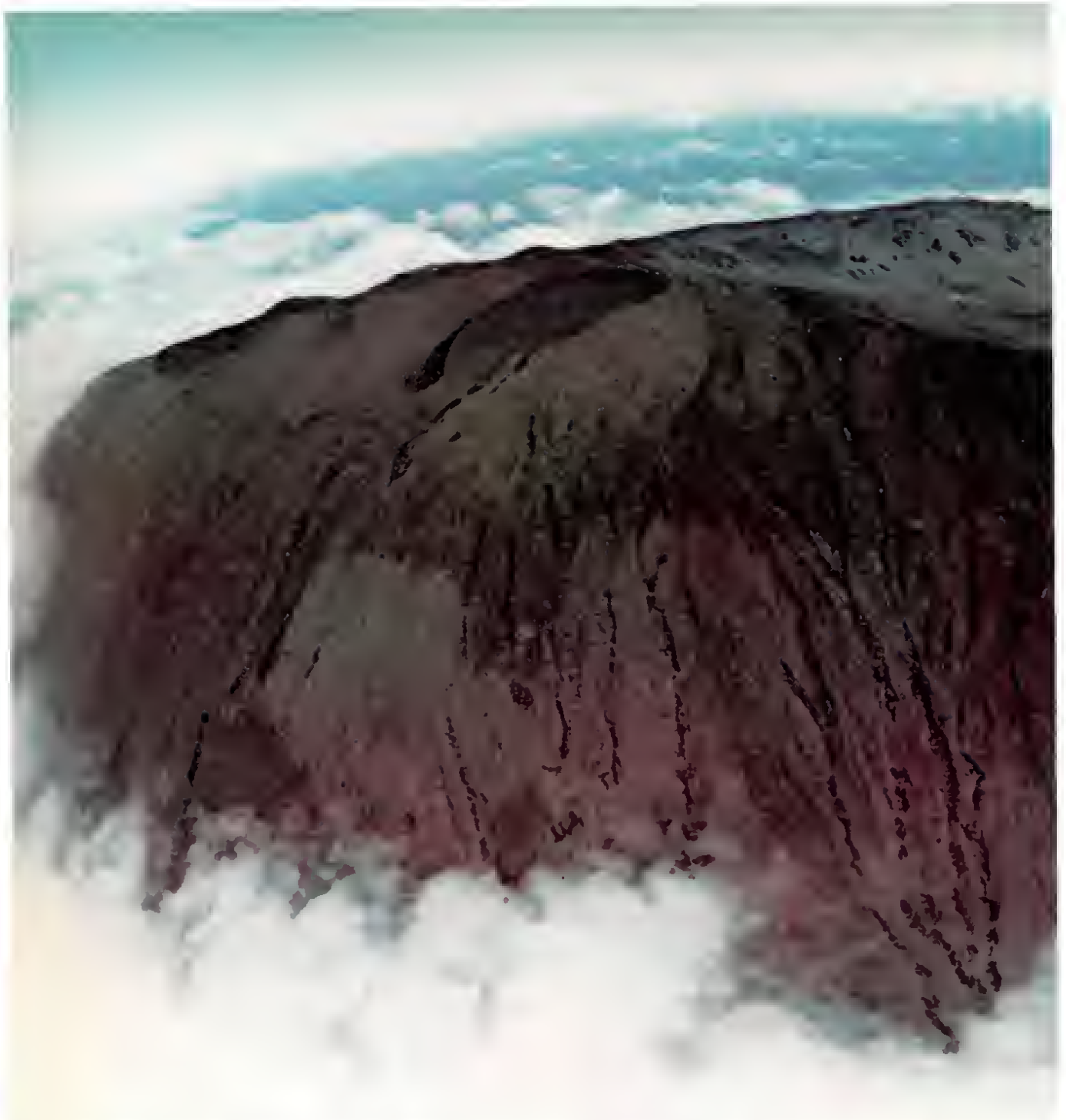
And Marlite makes a whole collection of walls for special places. Dozens of textures, colors and designs. Including beautiful ideas for bars, restaurants, rest rooms, hallways—wherever the traffic is heavy.

Your architect or designer knows all about Marlite. Ask him to recommend one of our special walls for your special place. Or write us for free color literature. Marlite Division of Masonite Corporation, Dept. 1196, Dover, Ohio 44622.

Marlite

We make walls for special places.

Marlite paneling is hardboard with man-made finish



After carefully considering how to improve telephone service

At one end of the island of Maui, the village of Hana lies almost isolated. On the island's central plain stands Wailuku, Maui's largest city, and the bulk of the island. In between, presenting a nearly impassable barrier, looms Haleakala, the world's largest dormant volcano

Haleakala, the House of the Sun, where, according to Hawaiian legend, the demigod Maui caught the sun by its rays and refused to let go until it had promised to pass by more slowly, allowing Man more daylight in which to harvest his fields and bring in fish.

Haleakala, sometimes snowcapped even in this tropical climate, rising some 10,000 feet over the island, and plunging almost perpendicularly down to the sea. With a moonscape crater larger in circumference than Manhattan island.

Any way you look at it, a tough place to run telephone lines.

So the Hawaiian Telephone Company, a subsidiary of General Telephone & Electronics, updated the ancient legend by using the top of Haleakala to catch radio microwaves instead of sun rays.

Since microwave beams travel in a direct line-of-sight, Hawaiian Telephone's Hana station transmits calls to a relay station atop Huehue Mountain, 65 miles away on the big island of Hawaii. From there, the signals are beamed back across the water to the relay station on Haleakala,

GTE, 730 Third Ave , New York, N Y 10017



between Hana & Wailuku, we decided not to move the volcano.

and from Haleakala, the microwave signal hops to the company's call-switching center in Wailuku

The straight-line distance covered by the Hana-Wailuku link amounts to 157 miles, even though the two points are only 35 miles apart. Nevertheless, the microwave relay system cost less than half of what building a cable route would have cost

Bringing people closer together with microwave relay systems has become a substantial part of General Telephone's business, not just in Hawaii, but all over the world. In Africa, South America, the Middle East—wherever normal telephone line installations are impractical—GTE International, another GTE subsidiary, has provided better, faster and cheaper communications.

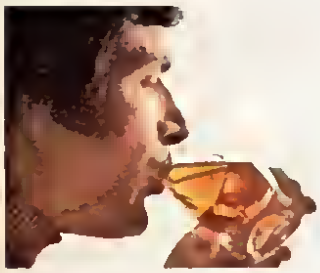
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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

TV AND YOU

A drastic rate increase on leased telephone lines requested by American Telephone and Telegraph could result in severe curtailment of sports events broadcast by local television stations. Network telecasts would not be threatened; indeed, AT&T has asked the Federal Communications Commission that network line fees, which are big-volume stuff, be substantially reduced.

Games affected would be primarily those played away from home by local teams, college and professional. Such telecasts are usually quite popular within the geographically limited area they reach. But line costs run about 30% of the budget for bringing back out-of-town games. Doubling the fee, which is approximately what the new rates call for, would make the practice economically unfeasible in most cases. Then, instead of tuning in on Local State's football game with distant Yoohoo U. or the local major league baseball, basketball or hockey teams in their games away from home, you would have to be content with whatever sporting contests NBC, CBS and ABC decide are best for you.

It seems another instance of gigantism in sport, and not a happy one.

FIRST THINGS FIRST

Women students at the College of William and Mary are wearing sweatshirts that read "Mary and William."

LAW AND SPORT

Two recent interpositions by courts of law between athletes and sports administrators could have long-range significance on the future of sports. In England a soccer player named Ernie Machin was put out of a game by a referee for "deliberately kicking" an opponent. Machin appealed to the Football Association's disciplinary committee and brought along a television clip that indicated the referee had been wrong. The committee refused to listen to the appeal or look at the clip. It backed the referee's decision and fined and suspended Machin. He went to court, and after two years was vindicated, the judge ruling that because he did not receive a fair hearing, the fine and suspension were void.

Although it seemed likely that Machin was right and the referee wrong, the Football Association defended its position on the grounds that it was acting on the longstanding principle that "the referee shall be the sole arbiter of all matters of fact." This procedure may be unfair to individuals at times, the FA said, but it is generally recognized that in the long run it is in the best interest of the discipline required in the game itself. But now every decision by a referee can be subject to litigation, and the authority of the administrative body is seriously undermined.

In the U.S., a somewhat similar legal hassle occurred in the National Football League. In an effort to control free-for-alls and near-riots, the NFL established an automatic $200 fine against any player who leaves the bench to take part in a fight on the field. A total of 106 players were fined $21,200 for breaking the rule. The Players Association went to the National Labor Relations Board, where it argued that the fines were owner-*imposed and that agreement on such a* rule should have come under collective bargaining at contract time. The NFL argued that the rule had been instituted by the commissioner and the fines imposed by him, and that the owners had merely approved it.

The NLRB agreed with the players, and said the fines should be rescinded, with interest. Again, administrative control of a sport by its ruling body had been controverted by outside authority.

WINNING AND LOSING

American International of Springfield, Mass. has had an oddly distinctive year in football. Although its season record is only 3-4, the Yellow Jackets have made contributions to both the longest winning and longest losing streaks in college football.

- It snapped the longest losing streak in the country when it was defeated 17–14 by Bates, which had dropped 26 in a row.
- It opened the year by losing 28–19 to Bridgeport, to help extend that school's winning streak, which is now the longest in the country (18 straight).

American International feels it has a proprietary interest in both streaks because:

- In 1969 it beat Bates 30–9 to start that school on its losing slide.
- In 1971 it beat Bridgeport 6–3, which was Bridgeport's last defeat before starting its winning run.

BOSTON MASSACRE

The winner of the Olympic decathlon is usually dubbed "the world's greatest athlete," and it seems a just appellation. But there is a biennial competition in



Boston—its third renewal takes place this Saturday—whose winner deserves recognition as the greatest something or other. The Boston Decathlon, for such is its name, is not to be confused with that other, easier event called the Boston Marathon. The decathlon, as described by Dick Mount, its driving force, is a "one-day, 10-event test of all-round athletic ability." It begins at 6:30 in the morning with nine holes of golf. After that comes a basketball-shooting contest in which each entrant has 30 free throws. Shotputting is next, with a modest 12-

continued

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pound shot used instead of the more formidable 16-pound cannonball. Then a mile run (contestants may walk if the need arises), followed by a baseball throw for distance. Back to the track for sprinting—the 100-yard dash—and long-jumping. A 100-yard swim—event No. 8—ends the more strenuous part of the day, as things ease off to the gentler pastimes of bowling (three games) and pool (how many shots it takes to clear all 15 balls from the table).

Trophies go to the winner of each of the 10 individual events and to the top three point winners overall. Points are based on a special scoring table in which 100 is the maximum that can be earned in each event. If you shoot 47, say, for the nine holes of golf you earn 86 points. Sinking 15 of 30 free throws in basketball is worth 82. Running the mile in exactly seven minutes is 80, and so is long-jumping 13′ 10″. See? It isn't too difficult. If you survive. And Mount advises that ice-cold beer will be available throughout the day.

TURF MADE OF GRASS?

Arguments still rage about artificial turf. The new rug in Miami's Orange Bowl has been under criticism (Larry Csonka said, "They should bring in a jackhammer and rip this whole thing up"), and there has been flak about the carpet in New Orleans' Sugar Bowl. Meantime, Dr. William H. Daniel, a turf specialist in the department of agronomy at Purdue, feels he may have solved the problem with a grass system for sports he calls PAT, for Prescription Athletic Turf. PAT, which is based on underground drains and pumps, has already been installed at Grand Valley State College in Michigan and at Goshen High School in Indiana.

PAT uses regular grass on the surface, but the turf rests on a foot of sand. Beneath the sand is a maze of plastic piping, and under that a solid sheet of polyethylene. Richard Kercher, a landscape contractor who put in the PAT field at Goshen, says, "What we've got is a tank filled with sand, with grass on top." The suction pump controls the level of the water. "If it rains during a game," says Dr. Daniel, "just turn on the pump."

"What it amounts to," Kercher says, "is control. Moisture is the key to a good football field. If there is too much, it's slippery. If there is not enough, the field gets hard." With proper moisture, the turf seems to hold up better under use. "We had an average of only one divot per thousand square feet," said Dr. Daniel after the first football game played on the Goshen PAT. "And we can even control soil temperatures by putting in a heating coil."

Daniel estimates it would cost between $50,000 and $70,000 to install PAT in a large stadium, as opposed to perhaps $500,000 for artificial turf. Thus far no one has jumped at the idea, but Purdue and Notre Dame have expressed interest. Notre Dame's Ara Parseghian said earlier this fall, "Our grass people have been watching it. We have an artificial surface going in on one of our practice fields, but I still feel it is not perfected as yet. I'm concerned about heat and abrasiveness and firmness problems. In the meantime, we're watching the Goshen field very closely. It looks like a doggone good idea. It may be we might go that way."

WATCH OUT FOR WOFFORD

It takes all sorts of teams to make a football season. At the moment a favorite in this year's kaleidoscope is Wofford College of Spartanburg, S.C. Wofford can be called the big-play team of small-college football, even though it is not having a big season. Wofford averages fewer than three touchdowns a game, and its won-lost record is only 4-4. But what it does have is an admirable talent for the spectacular moment. It has had scoring pass plays of 76, 75 and 53 yards. It has had touchdown runs of 72, 61 and 57 yards. It has run back blocked punts 50 and 45 yards for touchdowns. It has had five interceptions in one game, one of which was run back 103 yards for a score. It has also had a 61-yard run for a touchdown on an interception.

Even Wofford's punting is something special. It is done by a little fellow named Scooter White, who is only 5′ 7″ and 165 pounds. Scooter averages better than 40 yards per punt and the average runback is barely five yards. Usually all he does is punt, but against Davidson a few weeks ago he switched gears and completed a fourth-down pass for 59 yards and a touchdown. Unhappily, there was a flag on the play and it was called back. Later in the game, again on fourth down, White made up for the lost score by running 57 yards down the sideline for the game-winning touchdown.

When you go to a Wofford game, *never* duck outside for a minute to grab a hot dog. There's no telling what you'll miss.

BEST EVER

Steve Carlton, who won 27 games for the last-place Philadelphia Phillies, was unanimously voted the Cy Young Award as best pitcher in the National League this season. A dedicated student of esoteric baseball statistics argues that Carlton may have enjoyed a better year in 1972 than any other pitcher ever has during a single season. G. J. Wyllie Jr. of San Francisco goes beyond the obvious (Carlton's 27 wins matched the modern National League record for lefthanders set by Hall of Famer Sandy Koufax in 1966 when *his* team, the Dodgers, won the pennant) to point out that, despite the obviously woeful support he received from the Phils, Carlton led the league in innings pitched, strikeouts, earned-run average and complete games, as well as in games won. Few pitchers ever achieve such a sweep, and never before has one from a last-place team done it. In fact, Carlton is the only pitcher from a last-place team ever to lead his league in games won.

Carlton won 45.8% of his team's victories, the highest such percentage in modern baseball history. Since the Phils finished 11 games behind the fifth-place Montreal Expos *with* Carlton, it makes you wonder where in the world they would have been without him.

THEY SAID IT

- Ed Shubert, Drexel University linebacker: "When I get a chance, I like to knock a guy's head off. Then I look into his eyes to see how he feels."
- Jane Morrall, wife of the Miami Dolphins' 38-year-old quarterback, on why she is staying home in Michigan this football season: "I'm not sure I can take another championship drive. I'm too old and too pregnant."
- Jack Kent Cooke, on the disappointing crowds at games of his National Hockey League Los Angeles Kings: "There are 800,000 Canadians living in the Los Angeles area, and I've just discovered why they left Canada. They hate hockey."
- Spider Lockhart, New York Giant defensive back, on the best way to stop Washington star Larry Brown: "Same way we stopped Jim Brown. Get him a movie contract." **END**


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Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 13, 1972

SWARM TO DAYLIGHT

There is a run on rushing, and the pass is now passé in the NFL. Most of the best teams are featuring a stampede attack, and almost every club has at least one runner capable of big yardage

by TEX MAULE



Every year, when the professional football wars are over, Fuzzy Thurston, the old Green Bay left guard, gives a dinner for all the NFL backs who have gained 1,000 yards or more in a season. In the past, it has been a quiet affair, since there are usually about as many running backs who gain 1,000 yards as there are 25-game winners in baseball. But after this season Fuzzy may have to enlarge his restaurant.

It is appropriate that Thurston should give the dinner; he was one of the blockers who cleared the way for Jim Taylor and Paul Hornung in the days when the Packers were synonymous with the power sweep. Today, quite a few teams have a pair of runners on a par with Taylor and Hornung. The running game, long used primarily to give the receivers and isolated cameras a rest, is back.

A number of factors are involved in the dramatic reemphasis of the run, but two are most dominant. Bringing each of the hash marks 3 7/12 yards closer to the center of the field has made more difficult the defenders' job both on the pass and the run, and the almost universal use of pass-conscious zone defenses has opened the way for the exceptional runners who populate backfields today.

One of the best is Floyd Little, the bandy-legged, short-coupled water bug who is the key to the Denver Bronco offense. Though only 5′ 10″ and 196 pounds, Little led the NFL in rushing in 1971 with 1,133 yards. This year, playing on a last-place team, he already has 573 yards on 123 carries.

Little is an intense, thoughtful man, and he has carefully considered the techniques and the problems of the running back. "Sure, moving the hash marks has made a difference," he said the other day in Denver, perched on a rubbing table in the locker room. "Used to be, when you had the ball on the hash mark, they would overload to the wide side, because they could use the sideline to contain you the other way. Now, they can't overload, so you can sweep either way."

He stretched his legs out and contemplated an arc that left a four-inch gap between his knees—even though his ankles were together. Little's physical

continued



Following Frenchy Fuqua (33), leading rookie Franco Harris carries Pittsburgh into first place past Cincinnati, while (right) O. J. Simpson tries to blast Buffalo out of the blues.

eccentricity hardly impairs his efficiency, and, of course, there have always been many outstanding bowlegged or pigeon-toed athletes: Honus Wagner, Babe Ruth, Jimmie Foxx, Mickey Walker, Jackie Robinson, Johnny Unitas, Bob Hayes, Bobby Orr. "I think if my legs were straight, I'd be 6′ 2″, not 5′ 10″," Little joked.

"You see," he went on, "with the new hash marks, the linebacker can't cheat over and the tackles have to spread a little wider. You can see it on a sweep. You get the extra step on the linebacker. Then the quick traps up the middle work better. Another thing, the sweeps make those big defensive linemen run a lot more than they had to and they tire out toward the end of the game."

Not everyone in the rushing profession agrees entirely with Little. Frenchy Fuqua, the black running back for the Pittsburgh Steelers who maintains that he was born a French count and spent so much time sunning himself on the Riviera that it changed his complexion for good, says, "I don't think the hash marks—just an extra three yards—make that much difference."

Frenchy, who outgains most backs in the league and outdresses them all, explains: "Your big backs, like Larry Csonka, are not heading for the sidelines. The sidelines might be a help to the quick backs like O. J. Simpson, Carl Garrett—the real quick backs—Mercury Morris. But to the average back, the hash marks don't make a difference."



Dave Hampton may be first 1,000-yard Falcon.

Of course, it seems that there are no merely average backs left. Twenty-seven different backs on 20 different teams have rushed for 100 yards or more in at least one game this year. In just eight weeks of play there have been 43 100-yard performances as opposed to 48 all last season (14 weeks). About a dozen runners are setting a pace that would bring them in over 1,000 yards (and only once have as many as half a dozen hit 1,000. As recently as 1969 there was only one—Gale Sayers).

As the chart (*below*) shows, team rushing yardage is increasing precipitously. This year only three teams, all of them weak ones (New Orleans, New England and Denver), have tried more passes than runs. By contrast eight of the 26 NFL teams have gained more yards running than passing, and of those, five either lead their division or are tied for the top.

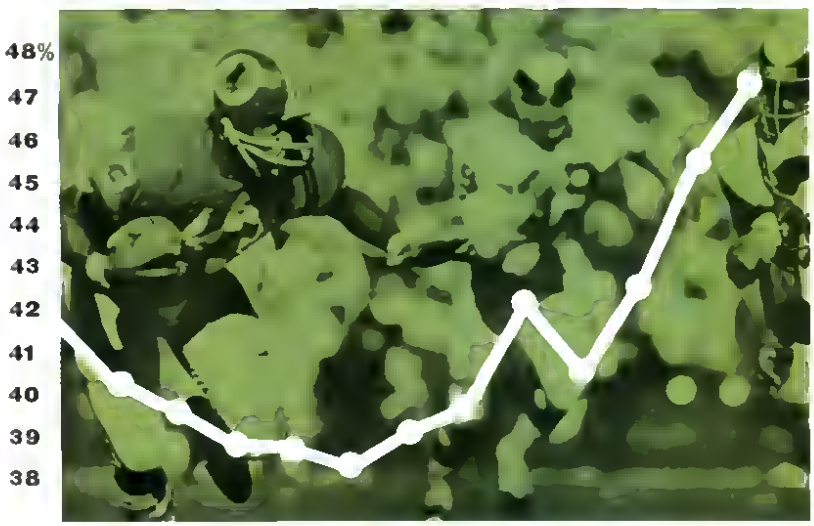
O. J. Simpson of Buffalo, who is surpassed only by Washington's Larry Brown in total rushing yardage—despite playing for such a poor team—says, perhaps somewhat enviously: "The winning teams are running teams, and the other teams are trying to emulate them. The Cowboys and the Dolphins—the two Super Bowl teams last year—were running teams. When the Jets won the Super Bowl, they had Joe Namath and the pass, and a lot of clubs tried to develop the same thing. This led to defenses setting to stop the pass by using zones. So clubs began to run to beat the zone. Now all NFL teams have good runners."

Says Steve Owens of Detroit, who made the 1,000 club last year: "One back used to carry the brunt of the running. Now everybody has two, and the defense can't key on one runner. If they stop me, they can't stop Altie Taylor. It doesn't matter who carries, *we're going to gain yards running*."

So many colleges have turned to the Wishbone attack, which places a premium on running, that more of the best young athletes are being trained as runners. Now the quarterbacks coming out of college tend to be a new stampede breed. Chicago's Bobby Douglass, Pittsburgh's Terry Bradshaw, New England's Jim Plunkett and Dallas' Roger Staubach are all useful runners.

The threat of the deep pass has also helped to make the run a bigger factor. Walt Garrison of Dallas says, "The linebackers have zone responsibility on the pass and they have to drop deep. This leaves it up to the front four to stop the run. The linebackers can't get up quick enough to help out."

EVERY YEAR, THERE IS MORE RUN FOR THE MONEY



1960	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72
41.6%	40.3	39.6	38.9	38.8	36.6	39.1	39.6	42.1	40.7	42.7	45.6	47.3

Superimposed upon a picture of the NFL's leading rusher, Larry Brown of Washington, the graph shows that almost half of the yards gained from scrimmage now come from rushing, whereas only a few years ago less than 40% of the yardage came on the ground.

Calvin Hill, the other Cowboy running back, sees it somewhat differently: "It's harder to make a long run against the zone. Once you clear the line of scrimmage, the wide receiver often can't find his guy to block downfield."

Hill, like many running backs in the league, considers Washington's Larry Brown the best in the business. "Brown is unbelievable," he says. "And that's coming from a fellow who looks at him with a certain amount of jealousy."

Brown runs behind a sophisticated offensive line. George Allen, the coach of the Redskins, has taken a page from the Lombardi book—the book called *Run to Daylight!* Pittsburgh's Fuqua explains what this can mean. "I wouldn't want to be a defensive lineman, even if I was big enough to play there. Offenses today are running so many variations that look like the same thing that a defensive lineman has to be confused. If he reads his key and is sure it's a solid key read, it still may not be what he thinks it is."

Four Steeler backs—Fuqua, Bradshaw, Steve Davis and Franco Harris, the NFL's leading rookie rusher—have averaged more than five yards a carry so far this season. That means, at least theoretically, that if Bradshaw stuck exclusively with a running game the Steelers would make a first down every second play.

The rushing renaissance has been so sweeping that it has embraced all types. Everybody is running: quarterbacks and setbacks, old backs and young backs, all-star backs and mystery backs—such little-known names as Bob Thomas, Jim Harrison, Josh Ashton and Doug Dressler have all carried for 100 yards at least once this year—big backs and little backs. Bruisers like the Cowboys' Hill, the Lions' Owens, Csonka of Miami, John Riggins of the Jets, John Brockington of Green Bay and Marv Hubbard of Oakland all go well over 200 pounds, but at the other end of the scale there are a number of good, relatively small men: Fuqua, Essex Johnson of Cincinnati, Mike Garrett of San Diego, and the indomitable Little.

Running backs, by the very nature of their job, have a short life expectancy in pro football. They are hit on almost every play—often by a man who

Floyd Little, last year's league rushing champion, is a bowlegged, bantam, brave Bronco.



Packer Brockington made 133 yards Sunday.

outweighs them by some 20%. When they carry, they are gang-tackled; when they do not, they block either for the passer or for the other ballcarrier in the backfield, and they are always overmatched.

"*You have to realize how short your* life as a pro football player can be," says Little. "I know I don't have long to go in this business. So every time I run the ball, I run it like it is going to be the last time. You give it everything you've got and accept the possibility you're going to get hurt. I've been hurt a lot of times, but, you know, the way my legs are structured, I can take a blow from the side and not be hurt. See how bowed they are? When I get hit at knee level from the side, it just straightens my leg in to where it should have been to begin with. So I haven't had any really serious knee injuries."

Still, he has had to play with rib, back and shoulder injuries. "Floyd will play hurt," says Lou Saban of Buffalo, Little's former coach in Denver. "It is important for him to play no matter what his condition because he feels a responsibility to the team. Floyd has a driving force that no one I know can equal. He is a man. That's about as much as you can say about anybody."

Two weeks ago the grateful fans of Denver celebrated Floyd Little Day, honoring him for his many contributions to team and city. It was an impressive tribute. But—on the subject of recognition—*if the runners all over the league* keep up their present pace, Fuzzy Thurston is going to have to build a grandstand to hold the new members in his 1,000-yard dinner crowd. **END**



THEY'RE REPLAYING THE SIXTH MAN THEME

Boston hes elweys been renowned for its supersubs. First there wes Frenk Ramsey. Then cems John Hevlicek, now a superstar. Today there is Peul Silas, who has the Celts off to e super stert **by PETER CARRY**

Typically, John Havlicek (*see cover*) was alone in the locker room long after his teammates had dispersed, precisely knotting his dark tie and carefully adjusting the jacket of his gray pinstriped suit. The captain of the Boston Celtics is nothing if not methodical, right down to the symmetrical pieces into which he cuts his pregame steaks. He demands a similar precision of himself and his teammates on the basketball floor, and because he does, his squiggly Charles Schulz mouth was pursed with earnestness when he said last Saturday night, "See, it's just like I thought. We're not all that good." Havlicek made that judgment after a Boston loss, but even so it seemed a mite harsh. The defeat, 118–107 to the Kansas City-Omaha Kings, was the Celts' first of the season, following 10 wins—the third-fastest getaway in Boston's history, and it is a history full of quick starts and quicker finishes.

The Celtics needed that streak to stay ahead of New York—which won 10 of its first 12—in what promises to be a rousing Atlantic Division race. But for Boston fans, who are turning out at the near-record rate of 10,427 per game, the team seems to promise even more. The sign hanging from the upper deck in the Boston Garden last week—THE CELTS AUER-AACH—was giving out old news. The post-Bill Russell Celtics have been a good team for two seasons, and last year they won their division title.

Now, after a month of play, the Celts must be included—along with the Knicks, Lakers, Warriors, Bucks and perhaps Bulls—among the group of teams from which the league champion will come. Boston has all the ingredients it needs. 1) The superstar. With all his old cronies from that championship season of '64-'65 except Satch Sanders off coaching, sportscasting or running chicken farms, Havlicek has become the highest-paid, highest-scoring Celtic ever. He has unobtrusively grown from the fast, young defensive substitute into about the best player in the team's history—aside from Russell. The only thing likely to slow him up is his permanently sore wrist, a product of the hundreds of thousands of times he has ever so deftly snapped it as he released his one-handed shot. 2) The balance. In 12 of Russell's 13 years at Boston no Celtic finished among the top five scorers. The same is true so far this season. And the Celts are second in the NBA in assists and first in rebounds even though none of their playmakers rank among the assist leaders and Center Dave Cowens stands fourth in rebounding. 3) The extra something. Paul Silas.

Paul who? Silas is the former Phoenix fatman whom the Celtics believe will do for them those same gutty things that Dave DeBusschere did for the Knicks in their championship season. A 6′ 7″ forward, Silas neatly complements Havlicek. When John shoots, Paul rebounds. When Havlicek masterfully guards small cornermen, Silas leans all over bigger ones. When John runs, so does Paul. While Havlicek is a quiet, gentlemanly sort, Silas is a cordial, beaming man who could teach smiling at a stewardess school. And while Havlicek is exacting of himself and his teammates, Silas may be doubly so. Perhaps nothing tells more about Silas than the way he transformed himself during the summer of 1971. In his first seven pro seasons with the Hawks and Suns, Silas was a mountainous 235-pounder noted for strong, aggressive rebounding and defending near the basket. Then over that summer he dropped 30 pounds, so altering his appearance that some opposing players did not recognize him when he showed up for exhibition games



Silas, e tower of etrength under the boerds, goes in for e leyup over Kings' Ron Riley.



last year. They also found his game unrecognizable. Silas was a faster runner, a better offensive rebounder, a more versatile defender and a far better scorer.

"One of the most unusual things about Silas is his desire for improvement," says a Phoenix sportswriter. "It's unusual for someone in his 28th year to improve so markedly. Part of it was the weight loss. He didn't diet because he had a problem but because of his desire to be a better player. He already had it made and could have just continued the way he was and cooled it. The thing that hurt the Suns most when he was traded to Boston was not simply the loss of his playing ability, but the loss of his leadership. He has no patience with those who won't put out."

"When I came into the league the thing was to have big, strong guys up front," says Silas. "But slowly that began to change. Teams began going for smaller, quicker guys and I felt to remain effective I had to change with the trend. My wife was going to Weight Watchers and I joined her. She lost 40 pounds and I lost about 30. I got to the point where I was too light and I've put a few back on, so I weigh between 210 and 215. I may have lost a little strength under the defensive boards—I get pushed out of the play once in a while now—but otherwise I feel better physically, mentally and psychologically. Even my shot improved because I can jump better, can maneuver better and have much better control of my body."

Slender Silas made the Western All-Star team, was named the Suns' MVP and caught the eye of Celtic President Red Auerbach. Late last season Phoenix filched Charlie Scott from the ABA, but to complete the deal the Suns had to pay off Boston, which held the NBA rights to him. Auerbach, already rich in guards with young Jo Jo White and Don Chaney, fast Artie (Hambone) Williams and swingman Havlicek, demanded Silas and got him—at Red's price. The agreement reached with Phoenix stipulated that the Suns would deliver Silas complete with a fresh contract. Auerbach set a maximum price, and if the Suns signed Silas for more than that amount either Phoenix would pay the difference or Scott would not play there. Silas coolly negotiated a four-year, no-cut, no-trade, no-nonsense contract similar to Havlicek's new one, except that John's $200,000 annual salary is somewhat higher. Silas' salary is also a bit more than Auerbach's maximum, so Phoenix is paying part of the freight.

"The only deal we could have made that would have strengthened us more than getting Silas would have been if we could have gotten a 7′ 2″ center," says Boston Coach Tommy Heinsohn, who likes his new man so much he doesn't start him. "It's a Celtic tradition. The second-best forward has always been our sixth man. It gives you something extra to go with, another speed to shift to. We're a small team and we have to win with speed and pressure. We have to keep coming at people. It's a sledgehammer approach."

Heinsohn has been pounding opponents every which way. He regularly uses 10 players a game while most teams use eight or nine, and in the Celts' 10th straight win, 109–96 over Baltimore last Friday night, he made 23 substitutions, often sending in two or three fresh players at a time. Even the rule changes seem to be going in Boston's favor this year. Except in the case of two-shot fouls, free throws are no longer awarded on the first four fouls committed by each team in a quarter. The modification has cut back scoring slightly and rid the NBA of "give-up" fouls. It has also speeded up the game and taken away the breathers players enjoyed every time a free throw was being shot. The lack of rest periods works to the advantage of deep, quick teams such as the Celtics.

And there are no teams deeper or quicker than Boston. Its fast break is the most diverse in memory, largely because Cowens is a hard-running big man who frequently pulls down a rebound at one end of the floor and sprints to the other end to take a pass and score. He put in eight points on that sort of play against the Bullets as the Celts opened a 24-point lead in the third quarter. After Baltimore scrambled back, the Celtics scored 11 consecutive points in the final 2:21 to win the game.

Against the Kings, the Celtics were defeated by a variation of their own mix of pressure and speed. Not surprisingly, ex-Celt Bob Cousy's team knew how to jam the Boston fast break, but what really gummed up the works was the Kings' 57% shooting and a 35-point, 15-assist game from Nate Archibald, who leads the league in both categories. It is going to take that kind of performance to run down the Celtics this year. **END**



MEET AT THE BORDER AND BOUNCE DOWN TO BAJA

Beyond Mexicali—down the California peninsula—lay mile after mile of ferocious desert and rock-strewn road. Many started out, but it was Rufus Parnelli who won the kiss and the cup **by ROBERT F. JONES**

Mexico has a new folk hero, one who ranks with Emiliano Zapata and the Cisco Kid, with Pancho Villa and the Frito Bandito. Oddly enough, he's a gringo. Last week, as he whipped his golden Bronco through a cloud of dust from Mexicali to La Paz, the shout went up from every spiky hillside and every rocky draw: "*Viva* Parnelli!"

For the second straight year, Rufus Parnell Jones of Indianapolis and Rolling Hills, Calif. won the Mexican 1000—North America's meanest, nastiest off-road race—and thus became the only driver in its six-year history to turn the trick twice in a row. Teamed with that master mechanic of the mesquite, Bill Stroppe of Long Beach, Calif., Parnelli bounced, jounced, bumped and thumped his way over at least 912 miles of Baja California in 16 hours, 47 minutes and 35 seconds. O.K., so that only works out to 54.308 mph, a far cry from the 143.137-mph average with which he won the Indy 500 in 1963. But the Baja is not the Brickyard, praise be to Quetzalcoatl the Thunderbird, and in terms of true grit—with which both the air and P.J.'s nostrils were filled from start to finish—this victory was perhaps the toughest of a tough driver's grand career.

The Baja race evolved from a peculiarly Southern California breed of mechanized masochism. Looking south from their pleasure domes along the southwestern littoral, the more adventurous outdoorsmen of the region found themselves growing enchanted with the bleak challenge of Lower California. Tijuana was always a seductress, what with its unabashed decadence, but below the border towns the Baja peninsula came on clean and mean. A thousand miles of rock and sun and cactus, sinuous roads with the bite of a rattlesnake, a country that was only too willing to kill a man and turn him into sun-dried jerky at the first sign of ineptitude. Rare was the gringo who had driven the whole thing from Tijuana to La Paz—the rest were all well done.

Smoking into Rancho Santa Ynez, Driver Jones was out of brakes—but ahead of time.

Starting in 1962, when a Los Angeleno named Dave Ekins braved the Baja on a 250-cc Honda Scrambler, covering the desiccated distance to La Paz in 39 hours and 56 minutes, the challenge found an answer. The first Mexican 1000 was organized and run in 1967, when 68 vehicles ranging from motorcycles through dune buggies to Jeeps and even station wagons took off from Tijuana en route for the hitter end. Only 31 finished, with the winning machine—a Meyers Manx dune buggy driven by Vic Wilson and the ominously named Ted Mangles—clocking into La Paz at 34 hours and 45 minutes.

When the contestants arrived at the border for this year's race, it was clear that a uniquely American racing phenomenon had occurred: the Mexican 1000 had suddenly become the status In event, resplendent with dusty chic and a sense that this was the way racing used to be before that financial invasion called factory support There were 242 contestants in a jam of weird, tricked-up vehicles, from the world's tallest Volkswagens, higher than a man on their knobbed tires and mezzanine suspensions, to tiny critters made up entirely of roll bars and headlights. And the In crowd was there from the select circle of men they call Real Racers, in their sponsored coveralls, to such elegant, wealthy adventurers as Peter Firestone and Benson Ford Jr., whose names were introduction enough.

Meanwhile, the record time for the run had shrunk to 14 hours and 59 minutes, set last year by Parnelli Jones and Bill Stroppe in their trick Bronco, Big Oly, named for their frothy sponsor, Olympia beer. Granted that the paved portion of the route had virtually doubled over the years and that good old racing know-how had made the machinery as desert-proof as it could be from tires to gearboxes to oil and air filters still, Jones' performance had to be rated on the same scale as a 200-mph lap at Indy or a five-second quarter mile in a dragster. Could he better his time this year? The Baja shrugged and said no.

One of the reasons was rain. A late-summer hurricane followed by a soggy series of downpours had produced an unwonted greening of Baja. Every cactus was in flower when the race began, and many a gulch that last year had offered good tire traction was now slick with quicksand or even axle-deep in standing water. What's more, the race this year was 80 miles longer than ever before, starting in Mexicali on the northeastern corner of the peninsula rather than in Ensenada, on the west coast 53 miles south of Tijuana. All of that made for prettier scenery but at the same time it produced much slower—and more treacherous—driving. Arroyos stretched their jaws 15 feet wide, deep as a grave. During practice, dune buggies splashed manfully into flash-flooded streams only to go drifting away like so many beer cans in Los Angeles Harbor.

Another factor was the sheer joy that Mexicans take in any kind of competition, a joy that brings them out of their hovels and palaces in numbers that would shame a U.S. football crowd. Mexicali is a city of 390,400 population, and every citizen—plus his dogs and his chickens—seemed to be on hand for the

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start of the race. A mustachioed motorcycle cop rumbled up and down the road ahead of the starting ramp, eliciting squeals of joy from the crowd even as he squashed a few toes in a vain attempt to drive the fans back from the pavement. No way. Kids with frayed handkerchiefs played matador with the bikes and cars as they dropped from the ramp; pretty schoolgirls offered their dimpled kneecaps in sacrifice to the god of speed; buzzards circled overhead in the witless hope of a free meal.

Parnelli, who started second among the cars after all the motorcycles made their getaways, simply pretended the crowd wasn't there. He drove right into the yelping mass with a harsh bark of burning rubber, and, amazingly, everybody got out of his way. The "*oles*" were almost as loud as the sound of his 351-cubic-inch Ford motor. Mexico loves risk, and so does Parnelli. But P.J. had a good, sound, pragmatic American reason for his haste; indeed, he had two of them. One was Mickey Thompson, the much-bent but unbowed *beau sabreur* of drag racing and Bonneville fame, who came into this year's Mexican race with a "supertrick" Chevy pickup truck that was aptly named "Totally Tough." Mickey was out to blow Parnelli into the ultimate arroyo, and he came equipped with special air hoses to keep himself cool and breathing throughout the race, a PERFORMANCE FOR NIXON sticker on his window, plaid upholstery on his bucket seats and a device every bit as pragmatic as anything Parnelli could dream up—a relief tube like that on an Apollo space capsule, so that he could slam straight on through the course without ever leaving the wheel. Thompson also had a broken finger obtained in a wild practice run in which, for a few minutes, he had the monster truck upside down.

The second reason for Parnelli's hurry was 25-year-old Bobby Ferro, twice winner of the Baja 500 (the Mexican 1000's equally challenging half brother), this year driving a single-seater, black-and-gold Volkswagen Bug sponsored by another beer outfit, Carling Black Label. Ferro is a Vietnam veteran, and in this venue those credentials count for a lot of crowd support, at least among the gringos. He also is a lot better looking than Parnelli, coming on with that cool Sal Mineo charm where the Jones boy looks more like something out of a John Wayne movie. "Maybe the horse," as one onlooker put it.

Well, he assuredly had the gallop. Over the initial 120 miles of paved road, Parnelli took his Bronco up to its maximum of 150 miles an hour. Then, turning off into the Sierra San Pedro Martir, where the country bares its teeth under the lip of a mountain range as creased and craggy as any in the Western Hemisphere, he ran in excess of 100 mph through the dirt. No fear for the corners, which he took in spectacular four-wheel drifts, kicking up rooster tails of sand that could be seen for miles, no fear for the crowds, which gathered with beer and free sandwiches at every access point. And, finally, no fear for either Thompson or Ferro.

Approaching Oamalu, the second checkpoint of 10 along the route, Mickey Thompson bent his drive shaft and radioed desperately for a new one to be flown up by his pit crew downcourse at El Rosario. Later, after hours of work and worry, he took off again, only to lose his whole drive train, probably as a result of the stress imposed by the earlier failure. "Chances are he never had to use that drainage system," said one observer.

As the race rolled on, casualties were studded all down the route: suspension systems and human bones snapped with equal facility against the rocks, and one driver—reeling away from a smashup in the cactus—suffered a sandy version of nitrogen narcosis, the "rapture of the deep," dazed and babbling incoherently about desert goblins. A motorcyclist, clambering out from beneath his upside-down machine, discovered he had a broken foot but, finding that the bike would still roll, got back on and headed for his checkpoint at the top of a nearby mesa. He came thundering up, neatly if groggily, then overshot the area, slammed on all brakes and rolled it end over end far into the dunes.

Parnelli blew into the fourth checkpoint, Rancho Santa Ynez, fully 10 minutes ahead of his schedule. Santa Ynez is one of the grace points of the Baja: a quiet green oasis amid the prickly boojum trees of the peninsula's midsection. Dogs doze in the sunny plaza and chickens squabble under their roost, the chassis of a devasted Baja Bug left behind during a long-forgotten race. There is beer in Santa Ynez, beaded bottles of Tecate that chill the palm and reward the howling throats of contestants and spectators alike. There is food at Santa Ynez, heaping plates of freshly cooked enchiladas, refried beans, tortillas that are as warm and soft as a Mexican lady's smile. And there is Señora Joselina Zuniga. Clad in black, her hair hunned behind her, she walked in beauty like the night—replete with a serene gold-toothed smile—to the pit area when Parnelli screamed in. And she stood there awaiting the chance to do honors to the folk hero.

"No front brakes!" P.J. yelled to his pit crew.

"Looks good to me," said a mechanic after a quick check under the front axle.

"Well, *fix* it," said Parnelli, unwilling to tolerate any mechanical nonsense. "It ain't foolin'."

Señora Josefina sensed her moment. She approached the Bronco with the poise and proud bearing of a woman long ago acquainted with masculine peccadilloes: perhaps the burro has died, maybe the rifle misfired, of course it has failed to rain for a year or two; a woman walks with trust. She kissed Parnelli's leathery, sand-blasted cheek with the same reverence she might have offered years ago to the gilded toenails of a religious statue—*con mucho gusto*. Then she retreated, slowly and with dignity.

"There's a little leak on the right front," said the mechanic.

"Well, let's plug that little leak," growled Parnelli. They plugged it up, and smartly.

"Good now," said the mechanic.

Parnelli looked around—the tires had been changed, the gas tank filled, Señora Joselina satisfied. Perhaps he disregarded the thatched roofs, the pigeons playing tag in the halves of tire cases dangling from the roof beams, old tire cases painted a shocking purple to match the desert sunset, certainly he failed to see the goat sleeping in the dust behind the cantina and the tents of the campers spread so brightly in the riverbed behind the rancho. But his racer's eyes did not miss the fact that this was the main chance.

"Fire up," he said. The engine let

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loose a tremendous roar that spooked the dogs and the goat from their somnolence, and Parnelli dug out of Santa Ynez trailing a 10-yard spume of dirt.

Bobby Ferro limped in a few minutes later. It had been bouldersville all down the line. His skid plate was gone, ripped off by the fangs of the Baja. His brakes were shot, victims of the same bite. His gearshift would not work, and he tried to fix it with that magnificent nostrum of racing, gray tape, winding yards and yards around the housing. Sure cure for cancer, they say. "Somebody threw a firecracker at the car back up the road there," he said, "and it blew up in my lap. Not that this race ain't tough enough anyway."

So that was the end of Bobby Ferro. He forged ahead, as a true Baja racer must, but he failed to finish. Parnelli seemed to be home free. That night at the midway point of the race, a dusty, dying mining town called El Arco, Big Oly roared in and out in mere seconds, disappearing *down the road to La Paz* with an angry blast. Parnelli's headlights lit the town church like a postcard. The dust of his passage reddened in the glare of cook fires built from dead cactus roots and those who were not racing—the observers, spotters, officials—settled down to their strange suppers. Beer, Scotch, Fig Newtons, Kahlua, a culinary delight called "Baja Mix" the enlightened combination of canned beans and corned-beef hash—rendered all the more tasty by that grand sauce, hunger, and the absence of real sustenance. But all the racers had to eat was dust, starlight and a nightful of air that registered only 38° Fahrenheit on the thermometer. For dessert there were coyote yowls and a few owl hoots, if one could taste them above the sound of the engine.

One who failed to enjoy the dessert was Preston Petty, no kin to the stock car racer. He stalked into El Arco at sunrise, huge in his leather jacket and bulbous crash helmet, marching toward the fire like an updated Frankenstein's monster, replete with lace-up boots. "Gimme heat," he seemed to say. Cactus failed to stop him en route to the nearest campfire. Crash, slap, slam—they all fell down, but not the man himself. "Damn rear end broke last night when I was gettin' here," Preston said finally, toasting his hands over the campfire. "Thought I'd get some shut-eye but then they told me they'd welded her back together again and I took off cussin' and, by dang, I got about some 15 miles down the road out of El Arco running real smooth through the dark there, when she just plain broke again where she'd broke before. It was weird there whistling through the weeds and in a way I was glad to get quit of it, but now that I've been walkin' out of the desert towards this here campfire for a couple of hours I'm not so sure. Got any coffee?" A few minutes later the rising sun dis-



Master of the Baja gringo Jones now doubles as the new Mexican folk hero

sipated Preston Petty's malaise: the snarl of an approaching engine announced that his Volkswagen Safari was well again. He churned off into the dawn. The monster lives, as perhaps it should.

Same thing with Parnelli. Approaching La Paz on the last leg of the journey, he felt his brakes fading. "It started at El Arco, and by Villa Constitución the pedal was just lying there on the floor," he said later. "There was a mixup about the gas at the Villa, some Meskin poured water down Stroppe's back and about 14 miles out of La Paz it looked like he'd poured some into the gas tank as well. Or maybe he poured gas down Bill's back and none into the tank. Anyways, we were stuck there for nearly 40 minutes, maybe 45, flat out of gas. Finally we flagged down a Meskin in a Volkswagen. He had a tequila jug with him. I paid him a $20 bill to empty it and refill it with gas at the nearest station. We fired her up and made it into La Paz just about three o'clock in the morning."

When Big Oly crossed the finish line the crowd-control fences came crashing down. "*Una* Parnelli!" was the only coherent sound. Then the local cops went home, the judges disappeared, and the remaining finishers—some 97 of them—had to steer sharply as they entered the hysterical throng.

The main drag into downtown La Paz doubled as the finish line and the only thing that stopped the racers—most of them half hypnotized by the last straightaway—was the frantic waving of a checkered flag and the ever-narrowing human alley of cheering Mexicans.

One man-and-woman team, obviously not speaking after their night desert run, whipped their buggy to a stop and sat staring stonily ahead, both coated evenly with a rich crust of grayish sand that made them look as if they and their vehicle had been sculpted simultaneously out of sandstone and were ready for the bronze casting. The only touch of color was the bright pink polish on the tips of the woman's fingers.

In came a motorcyclist, chickens skittering out of his way. He took the flag, turned off the roar and sat there blinking. The flagman threw a comforting arm around his shoulder, puffing up a mushroom of dust. "How was it out there?" he said.

The cyclist shook his head, pried one hand loose from the handlebar and raised it. Slowly, he formed his fingers into something of a fist, forefinger extended.

"I guess it was pretty bad," the flagman prompted.

The cyclist opened his mouth. And creakily he pointed directly into it with the forefinger.

"My God," the flagman said. "Somebody get this guy something to drink!" A Coca-Cola was handed out of the crowd, and the competitor drank deeply. Then he cleared his throat raspily.

"It was bad," he said.

Bad, yes. But then again, that's Baja. Neither Parnelli Jones nor Emiliano Zapata—much less the Frito Bandito—would prefer it any other way. Such is the style of folk heroes on either side of the border. **END**



'I can't tell you the happiness,' Sugar Ray said. There were cheers, certainly, when he left retirement to box a benefit, but it was the kids who turned on the real Ray

'THE BEST YEARS OF MY LIFE'

by ***RICHARD W. JOHNSTON***

There are many ways for an old fighter to disappear. Sometimes it is a deep fade into oblivion there are a lot of cauliflower ears and broken noses among the empty wine bottles and yellowed newspapers that litter the scabrous doorways of the boweries and skid rows of America. Sometimes it is a short slide into show business and then to obscurity. Sometimes it is as abrupt as a missing-persons report.

Under the big lights in Madison Square Garden one night in 1969, while the principals of the main event stood in puddles of seconds and cut men in their respective corners and an array of old and new champions, looking bulky and uncomfortable in their clothes, straggled about the ring, Announcer Johnny Addie bawled: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, introducing the former middleweight and welterweight champion of the world." There was a hush for a moment as the crowd waited for the ebullient, dapper man in the leopard tuxedo one boxer who surely would never disappear to dance up through the ropes, the electric smile flashing from the chocolate face. It was a ritual that he and all of them had observed for the past several years. But hands poised for ovation gradually went limp. Johnny Addie peered into the dark of the crowd. Nobody was coming. "And now," Addie said, pretending nothing had happened. Out there in the dark a hundred fans turned to a hundred strangers and said, "Where's Sugar Ray?" Nobody knew.



STILL IN SUPERB SHAPE, THE 52-YEAR-OLD ROBINSON DANCED THROUGH A MATCH AND MATCHED WITS WITH THE SUGAR RAY YOUTHS

One recent night in Los Angeles' venerable Olympic Auditorium, that rusty temple built only for boxing, a similarly expectant crowd—not a big one, maybe four or five thousand—watches impatiently while a little Mexican kid who calls himself Superfly Sandoval swarms over another, bigger Mexican kid named Jose Salinas. Both are amateurs, and after Superfly wins the decision another amateur—almost an amateur amateur—climbs into the ring, a stocky, pale white 25-year-old from Little Rock, Ark. named Jimmy Richards. Jimmy Richards had had one previous fight—on April 27th he kayoed Jed Walls in two rounds at the Olympic. (Promoter Aileen Eaton usually puts two or three amateurs up front on her cards "to encourage boxing" and, possibly, to cut expenses.) Richards gets only a flutter of applause. Everybody is waiting for his opponent. Attention, New York and Paris and Buenos Aires—your question is about to be answered.

Down the sloping aisle from the dressing rooms comes that familiar figure, dancing along in a robe—not a tuxedo—handlers ahead of him and behind him, his hair trim and tight as always and, as he climbs into this TV-oriented ring with its robin's-egg-blue ropes and canvas, the ovation swells and the crowd comes to its feet. Over the din the announcer shouts: "In this corner, Jimmy Richards, 160 pounds; and in this corner, the former middleweight and welterweight champion of the world, Sugar Ray Robinson, 162½ pounds. Three rounds!"

What on earth is Sugar Ray Robinson, age 52, in the opinion of many the best prizefighter in history, doing in a three-round preliminary against a novice on a card with a top ticket of $7.50? The answer is simple, though to a lot of oldtime Sugar watchers it may be stunning: Sugar Ray is doing good. Not necessarily well, but good. This night he is appearing in a three-round exhibition, wearing the big gloves, because promoter Eaton is going to give 20% of the net receipts to the Sugar Ray Youth Foundation, an extraordinary project that came into being not long after Ray abandoned New York three years ago. Sugar's own cut: zero.

It is not, really, a fight. In the first two rounds Ray withholds the long, sinuous left jab that once began so many combinations, and Richards, full of fear and valor, comes inside and whales away. No damage. It is the third round that brings tears to the eyes of those who remember the Zivic and LaMotta and Basilio fights, the nights of blood and skill and terror—yes, and ecstasy—when Sugar Ray demonstrated that prizefighting could indeed be a "sweet science." Once again the marvelous left leaps out, beyond the poised, dexterous feet, and the

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swift right follows. Are the hands as fast as ever, the feet as nimble, the timing as perfect? Or is it only memory and desire that seem to infuse them with the old mastery? Who can say? Who cares? For a moment, to paraphrase Yeats, a terrible beauty is reborn.

The bell sounds and the referee hoists both fighters' hands. Jimmy Richards, the one-light veteran, has held Sugar Ray Robinson, 202 fights, 175 victories, 109 knockouts, to a draw. Sugar embraces him and then dances back down the aisle to his dressing room with the crowd roaring joyously.



WRIGHT FILLMORE, UNCLE OF THEM ALL

"Did you enjoy being out there again, Ray?" somebody asks. Panting a little, glistening with sweat, Sugar Ray smiles and says: "I just can't tell you the happiness hearin' that bell . . . seein' that fellow across the ring . . . and all those cheers!" (The next day Ray's eyes gleamed and the smile came again as he thought about it. "Man," he said, "like somebody said—it's easier to get into the spotlight than to get out of it. I got a lotta ham in me!")

But now in the dressing room he is quick to connect his pleasure with his mission. "I can't tell you the happiness," he says for the second or third time, but adds, "It jus' makes me want to try all the harder to beat the drugs and the alcohol and all the other things kids are up against." His handlers, most of them white and all wearing T shirts emblazoned "Sugar Ray Youth Foundation," nod approval.

But there are skeptics present. Is this the real Sugar Ray? The Ray Robinson whose opulent apartment housed 1,000 suits, the dandy whose cerise (or was it flamingo) Cadillac was one of the visual delights of New York? The king who toured Europe with an entourage of a dozen or more courtiers (including a jester), the master of a harem of interracial beauties, the midnight playboy who seemed determined to become the sole support of champagne? The fabulous black beauty who earned (and burned) $4 million? Or *was* that the real Sugar Ray? An unbeliever, looking across the crowded dressing room at the seconds cutting the tape off Robinson's hands, asks, "Where's Sugar Ray? I still don't know."

The real Sugar Ray is alive and well and living modestly in an attractive but far from flamboyant apartment on West Adams Boulevard in a pleasant black neighborhood of Los Angeles. Down the street a few blocks, in an old two-story white stucco mansion that once housed the George Pepperdine family and now belongs to the Holman Methodist Church, is the headquarters of the Sugar Ray Youth Foundation. The foundation offices occupy the second floor of the mansion. The first floor and an auditorium annex are used jointly by the church and by participants in foundation programs. Next door is the unsightly wreck of a onetime Los Angeles palace, a window-shattered, crenelated brick castle built by the J.J. Haggerty family decades ago when Adams Boulevard was the social heart of white Los Angeles. It is now owned by Holman Methodist, and will be converted into a youth center.

At the end of a short corridor in the Pepperdine house is an open door, and above it the foundation's name and its motto: "Imparting values through sport." Inside on the left is a sort of bullpen, with desks for secretaries—and for Sugar Ray, who is late for a 10 a.m. appointment. From an office just beyond the bullpen emerges a short, kinetic figure, all harnessed energy and fast talk. "I'm Mel Zolkover, the administrative director," he says around a thick black cigar thrusting from the left corner of his mobile mouth. "Ray isn't here yet, but you'll want to talk to Uncle Wright—that's Wright Fillmore, our president." There is a moment of hesitation. Zolkover has the air of a wheeler-dealer promoter. There is a whiff of Zanuck about him. Moreover, he is undeniably, attestably white.

Zolkover pushes open the door of the corner office opposite the bullpen, and there is president Wright Fillmore vacuuming his red shag rug. "We don't waste money on cleaners," Zolkover grins, and Fillmore straightens up, a heavyset, saddle-colored old man (he is 73), his lined face breaking in a large, kind grin. "Sugar Ray ain't here yet," he says in a mellifluous voice. "He was out a little late last night. But he'll be right along. Meanwhile, I'd be happy to tell you anything you'd like to know about the foundation."

Well—everything. "It began in the summer of 1969," Fillmore says, filling his pipe while in the corner Zolkover lights up another stogie. "Ray was in Europe, and he called me up and says, 'Uncle Wright, I'm coming home. I got some questions I want to ask you.' Well, Ray came home with Millie—that's my niece and Ray's wife—and I asked him, 'What's so serious you want to talk about?' Ray said, 'I been doin' some thinkin' in Europe about somethin' that's been worryin' me a long time. You know, Uncle Wright, to me fightin's always just been a way to get acquainted with people. Now I'm done ragin' around. What I'd like to do is help youngsters. Might be just a little I could do, but I'd like to do that little. I remember shootin' dice in front of the church when I was about eight years old and the preacher come out and took me in and showed me the gym. That started changin' my life. People have been good to me, and I intend to do somethin'.'

"Well," Fillmore continues, "I said, 'Ray, what is it you intend to do?' And Ray said 'That's what I'm askin' you.'" Fillmore says he explained to Ray that to do anything it would be necessary to form a society, a club, a company, or even a foundation. "I told him incorporate, that's what you got to do. You

continued

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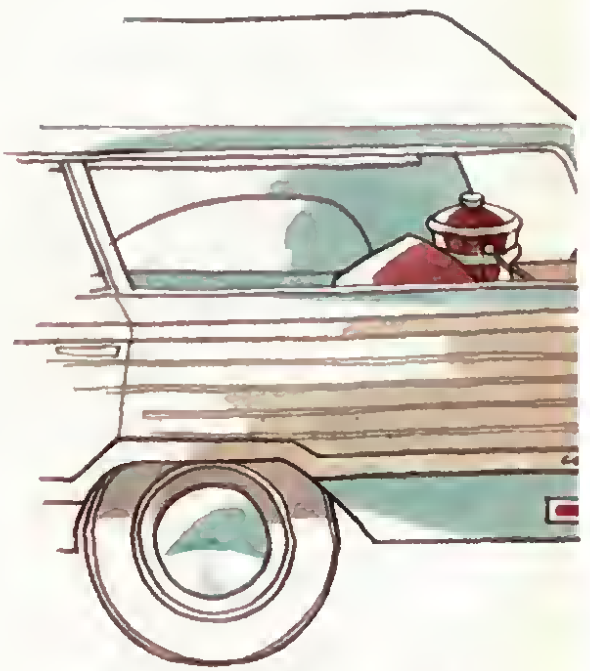
20 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report AUG '72.



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"Well,
that's life."

plan your work, and you work your plan. 'Ray,' I said, 'in school they have this book called economics. It tells how only a planned enterprise will succeed.' Ray said, 'Make it simpler.' So I compared it to pool. Ray used to shoot a lot of pool. I said, 'Ray, when you got a straight shot at the pocket why do you stand up and look around the table first?' Ray said, 'Because I wanta know where the tall ball's gonna land.' 'That's it,' I said, and that's how it started."

There has been a metamorphosis. Uncle Wright's soft Texas drawl has become crisper, the words longer, the meanings precise. Demonstrably, he is no Uncle Tom. "We started the foundation right down there in our house [the Robinsons' apartment occupies the second floor]. Right away we knew we had to have two things—money to help children and children to help. Ray knows everybody in the world. He sat down in Millie's kitchen and began figuring out people he could ask for support. I've been president of the United Methodist men for the last 12 years. I said I'd find the children." Wright Fillmore's drawl comes back. "I knew we had to work fast, 'cause Millie ain't gonna stand havin' Ray in her kitchen very long . . . she said, 'I'll have you know my kitchen ain't no headquarters.' "

Sugar Ray Robinson comes in and sits down at Uncle Wright's left. "Uncle Wright been tellin' you all about it?" he asks. "Uncle Wright taught me a lot of things, but one you got to remember: money and children will ever be inseparable. You can't reach the unreached child unless you can find enough money. Uncle Wright found us the children."

"I worked a long time with the Los Angeles Council of Churches," Fillmore says. "Right when we were making our plans I got a letter from Dr. Horace Mays at the council. He said they had registered 4,000 disadvantaged children and could the Methodist men do anything to help them? I said we surely could." Sugar, still vibrant with the remembered pleasure of his evening's work, smilingly brings in coffee for his visitors. Sitting again, he says: "Everything we been able to do is because of the goodness of the people. We haven't had no government grants—just help from wonderful people."

Does he know that some people in the East are asking, "What ever became of Sugar Ray?" He knows. "I begun askin' people for help there in Millie's kitchen, and I been tryin' to let people all over know what my life is now. A lot still don't know, but a lot do. A lot of people think I changed. That ain't so. I always been possessed by kids. My parents split when I was eight years old, you know, and my mother took me in New York. She worked in a laundry. I didn't have no father to guide me, and that's another reason I'm thankful to God there are people like Uncle Wright. I learned patience and some of most everything from him." Uncle Wright beams paternally at Ray. "You know," he says softly, "my wife and I didn't have children of our own. Ray and Millie are the nearest thing. I don't think of Ray as a lighter—he and Millie are just our kids."

A question is asked: What makes the Sugar Ray Youth Foundation different from the many other charitable organizations dedicated to helping children? "Incentive," says Ray. "It's incentive through competive sports. I got the cooperation of a lot of athletes—they come out to our playgrounds and workshops, they inspire the kids to try. Trouble with the YMCA, some of these other groups, they provide facilities—a facility is not an inducement. First time I ever was in the Golden Gloves, I got my name in the paper. After that, I felt above stealin' or drinkin' or takin' dope." Uncle Wright intervenes. "When these kids see how Sugar Ray come up, free of alcohol, free of cigarettes, free of dope, they got to ask themselves: 'What excuse have I got? His life was just as hard as mine.' "

Mel Zolkover points out that the foundation also sponsors workshops in the fine arts, the performing arts and many other activities, aimed at both boys and girls. "We give Sugar Ray T shirts to all boys and girls between 8 and 16 who enter the program," says Zolkover. "We had 2,000 kids in our Sugar Ray Olympics last August. We give rewards—trips to the zoo, trips to the sheriff's Honor Rancho. We have Saturday morning programs now on the school grounds of 10 junior highs, others on weekday afternoons. We have volunteer teachers, volunteer workers. Pretty soon we're going to have some volunteer cops, coming down on off duty days into areas where a lot of cops don't like to go. They'll learn something from these kids, you can be sure of that. And maybe the kids will learn, too, that all cops aren't pigs."

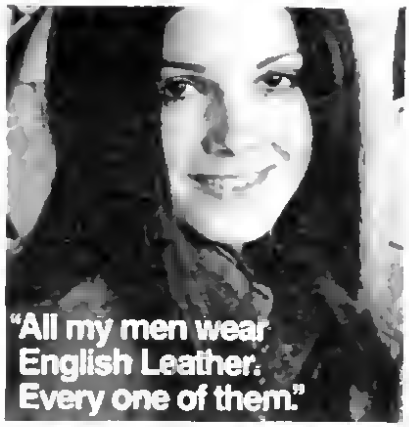
"Don't forget," says Uncle Wright, "Ray is our team's halfback. He gets the kids and he gets the big people with money to help. He is our charisma. Wouldn't be anything without Ray." Sugar Ray says earnestly: "I'm a Christian believer, and I truly believe all my life has been a preparation for this. I believe I was blessed with a talent so I could get right here. I'll go to my grave tryin' to help this cause." Then, with a slightly sheepish grin, "Oh, I miss the spotlight, like last night, but I don't miss nothin' else about those old days. This is the best time of my life."

Around three o'clock Ray Robinson drives home in the foundation's Pinto station wagon—hear that, Manhattan?—to pose for a photograph with Millie. There are no Cadillacs or Continentals hidden in the apartment garage. "I don't miss them big cars," he says. "Hell, I never had so much fun drivin' as with that little old Pinto."

Millie Bruce and Ray Robinson were married seven years ago in Las Vegas, after Ray's divorce from Edna Mae Holly became final. Ray wore dark glasses and told the driver who took them to the license bureau his name was Walker Smith Jr., which in truth it is. When Robinson decided he wanted to be married in a church—and not by a justice of the peace—the driver found them a marrying parson and stood up with them. He signed the certificate with his true name: Benjamin Franklin. A little later when Ray came back to Vegas to fight, Ray called the driver and said: "I'm that fellow you helped get married three months ago, but my real name is Sugar Ray Robinson. Want a ticket to the fight?" The driver said: "Say, I thought you looked familiar. I'd like to see the fight, but I got eight kids. Can you get me nine tickets?" Millie says Ray got them.

Ray sits beside Millie on the handsome sofa in their buff and gold living room. As the camera clicks they snuggle closer and suddenly lean together and kiss, unprompted by the photographer. "I got to get back to the foundation," Ray finally says. "You stay and see the apartment," Millie says to their visitors. "I like to paint. Not paintings. The apartment. I painted my kitchen and our bedroom and most everything here." It is a professional job—sunny

continued







ENGLISH LEATHER COLOGNE, $3.50



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yellow kitchen, pale pink white and gold master bedroom. There are still a lot of suits in Ray's closet, but nowhere near a thousand.

"My husband is a blessed man," says Millie in a soft, lilting voice. "He's the most compassionate man I ever met. This isn't fancy like New York, but it's full of love. This whole corner is just full of love. I think Uncle Wright is the most wonderful human being he's second only to my baby. We are all blessed, and every night and every morning Ray and I count our blessings." Does Millie have help in caring for the apartment? "I don't need no help, don't want any," she says. "I love to cook soul, Mexican, French. Once in New York I cooked a Mexican dinner for Elizabeth and Richard Burton. She liked it so much she called the next day to see if there was any left! I sent some over to her at the Regency.

"I do everything. That's what I think a wife should do. I clean and I wash. I wash all Ray's clothes. Let me tell you somethin'. If you have some other woman come in to wash your husband's underwear, she's married to that man, not you!" The only garish note in the apartment is supplied by Ray's trophies in the tiny den, and Millie scarcely had an opportunity to select those. Standing amid the plaques, statues and other blood-earned bric-a-brac, Millie says softly, "Ray and I got pet names for each other, same one. We call each other 'Gump.' If I want to fetch him, know what I do? I yell 'Gump' and then" she slams a hand down on one of the cluttered shelves and the sharp, urgent note of a boxing-ring bell echoes through the room. "Reckon he don't answer that one?" she asks, eyes dancing.

Ultimately, one gets an almost intoxicating impression of the Sugar Ray Youth Foundation, of its earnest proprietors, of its "charisma" and his charismatic wife. Can this really be a fountainhead from which rivers of love flow back and forth along West Adams Boulevard and out into the dark corners of the vast community that is Los Angeles? Tiny bells tinkle distant warnings. Is Mel Zolkover, for instance, a dedicated do-gooder? (He has said he is budgeted for a salary, but does not accept it, he has also said he plans to spend the holiday weekend cruising on his 44-foot sloop.) Is Uncle Wright really preacherly orthodox, or is he a canny old con man? Is he, for that matter, an uncle? And Sugar Ray himself can a man bitterly criticized by black militants in the late '50s and '60s for his indifference to the racial struggle suddenly transform himself into a symbol of hope and salvation?

And so the checkups begin (if faith is the ticket to heaven, most journalists will see you in hell). First, Bob Trainer, executive assistant in the City of Los Angeles Social Service Department, which must study and approve all soliciting organizations. "We think the foundation is absolutely O.K.," says Trainer. "Their salaries and overhead are far lower than most similar organizations. The money they get is being spent on the kids and on the programs for the kids."

Next: United Way, Inc., where Zolkover says he worked for two years before coming to Sugar Ray. An official there says Zolkover is young and wealthy, honest and reputable. Later Zolkover says: "I was in business with my father and by the time I was 40 our investment interests, mostly in downtown real estate, provided me with an income, so I really didn't have to do much of anything except sail my boat and ride motorcycles. Then one day this girl said 'You don't really amount to much, do you?' and I thought that over and decided she was right. So I went down to United Way for a couple of years and when I heard about this I volunteered. Now I'm having the time of my life." A deputy in Los Angeles Sheriff Peter Pitchess' office says: "We've checked out the foundation carefully, and we are happy to offer Sugar Ray the use of the Honor Rancho."

Perhaps the strongest endorsement comes from the black community. Talmadge Spratt of Douglass House in Watts, who worked for three years with Budd Schulberg on his writers' workshops there, says: "Sugar Ray has moved into the 'what's happening' category. Nobody criticizes him now. If a foundation with black roots is phony, it usually folds in a year. Ray is getting the support of the black community; he really has somethin' goin'."

Millie's encompassing love seems even to have tamed the champion who was once thought to be—and perhaps was—a relentless womanizer. Not, of course, that he's gone blind. Strong girls tremble when he appears and he loves it. "I

continued

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Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, Longs, 19 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report August '72

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

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haven't got that old yet," he told Tom Moran, a local magazine writer, "and I don't think there's any law for contempt of thought."

What does Sugar Ray live on? As he is quick to tell you, taxes took a great deal of the $4 million he supposedly squandered. "I did buy a lot of champagne," he says, grinning, "but I never drank none of it. Never drank anything." But he is not broke. He still keeps the Riverside Drive apartment in New York (his mother lives there now), and he gets occasional television and movie assignments. Recently he launched a construction company and he and Millie get some income from a small apartment house in the West Adams area.

Which leaves only Wright Fillmore—Uncle Wright. Vital statistics: born in Texas, attended Wiley College, played professional football with Providence in the early '20s, went to work for Southern Pacific in 1923 and retired 40 years later as "Head Instructing Waiter." Uncle Wright's life is an open book, *except for one page*. He *isn't* Millie's *uncle*. "Uncle Wright and his wife were my parents' best friends," Millie says. "When they died, I just naturally came to them. He'll always be Uncle Wright to me." Given sufficient exposure, Wright Fillmore might be Uncle Wright to anybody anywhere—a Chinese in Peking, a bullfighter in Madrid, even a white settler in Salisbury, Rhodesia. He could be the uncle of us all.

It is Saturday morning in Watts and Sugar and Uncle Wright and Mel and David Coleman, a dynamic young schoolteacher from New Jersey who has been hired to supervise the foundation programs, have come down to Drew Junior High School to check on a games-and-workshop program begun only three weeks before. The concrete playground, interrupted at intervals by basketball backboard posts, is strewn with broken glass. Forty or more black kids are playing basketball or flag football on the one unpaved section. Inside, a number of black girls are present to learn various skills, from basket-weaving to the Hula Hoop.

A weak sun penetrates the smog but it does not bring much joy. This is one of the more disadvantaged sections of Watts. Uncle Wright, in a felt hat and a blue Sugar Ray sweat shirt, tosses a softball to a tiny girl in a red dress, a

continued



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BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86 PROOF. 21 BRANDS.

girl who cannot speak or hear and is barely big enough to swing a bat at Wright's gentle pitches. Coleman, who taught at this very school last year, points to a teenager among the football players. "Last year that kid was a real bad egg," he says. "In and out of correctional institutions, real trouble. Now he's out there learning to play a game. And by the rules, too."

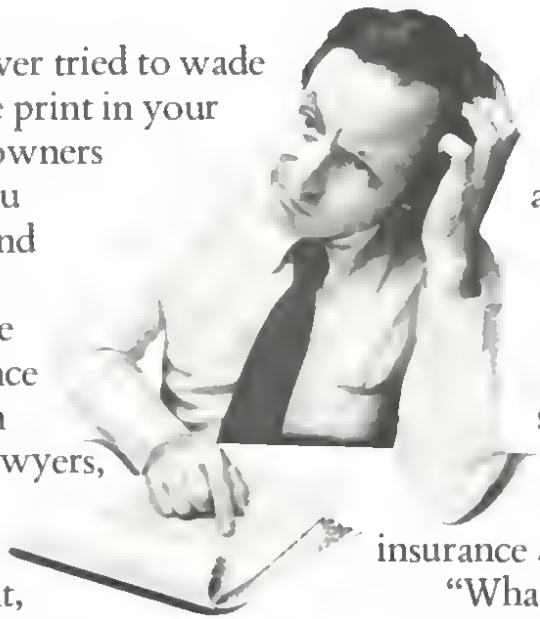
"Those are the ones we want to reach," Sugar Ray says softly. Mrs. Leonie Hays, a neighborhood matron employed by Pacific Press, has volunteered to teach the workshops. "This is a great thing—a great thing," she says, almost fiercely. "Cooperate! That's what these kids are learning to do. Cooperate! See all that glass? That's going to be cleaned up, and they goin' to do it."

For a moment Sugar Ray stands alone. "This foundation is my destiny," he says. "I never been anything but an American. I want to help all kids, not just black kids. I don't believe in racial movements. I won't put down the militants, but I don't want any part of that. This foundation is open to all disadvantaged kids—regardless of color or creed. I mean that," he says, perhaps aware of the slightly prefabricated sound of the sentence. As Mel Zolkover notes later, this surely is Sugar Ray's intention, but the programs now enrolling about 4,000 youngsters in 10 schools, with 15 more to be added soon, as well as a branch operation in San Francisco (one already has been started in Las Vegas)—thus far have attracted about 80% blacks. "After all," says Zolkover, "it is the black kids who need it most."

An hour later, the Watts school checked out, the king and his modern court—dedicated to helping rather than hell-raising—are back at the foundation to participate in a TV film-clip screening for the 19-hour telethon Sugar will offer over Los Angeles stations later this month (Bob Hope is the honorary chairman). The annex is full of excited youngsters, boys and girls, and out on the wide floor a tiny, dolled-up 3-year-old named Darius Lawrence is successfully spinning three Hula Hoops. Sugar Ray leans over him, hands on knees, his eyes brimming with delight, the marvelous smile shining like white neon. "Hey!" he yells. "Watch this little boy! Watch this little boy!"

Whoever that was in New York, this is the real Sugar Ray. END

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THE TRAVELERS

Yo yo yo, rowa uh rowa, hru hru



It's mountain music that the dogs sing to coon hunters when the quarry—that tough kid wearing the mask and the fur coat—is treed. And though it may be dawn when the hunt ends, time remains for a little socializing and a lot of dog talk

by ROY BLOUNT

The raccoon is not a farmer's friend. One masked nocturnal rascal of a coon can go through a watermelon patch taking just one plug out of every melon, as slick as a man would with a knife. And the raccoon is the dog's best enemy—one to be respected. A 20-pound boar or sow coon can whip one good dog or two halfway decent ones. So, for the men and dogs in the South, Southwest, Midwest and as far Northeast as upstate New York, coon hunting is a deep-rooted and fast-growing sport, and one of the few that may run on in organized form until 6 in the morning.

Even though five or six dogs tearing into a coon in the glow of their owners' hunting lights in the night woods do make a glorious tangle of color—redbone, bluetick, black and tan, treeing Walker and various brindles such as English and Plott—the killing of a coon by dogs is one of the uglier, not to mention least equitable, sporting scenes. The coon makes crazed hissing noises and the dogs seem to despise it. The justification given by coon hunters is this: if the dogs don't get to fight a coon every now and then they will lose interest in the sport. And the point of most coon hunting is not killing coons. It is the feeling of getting close to animals. Not closeness to the coon so much, though many coon hunters take pride in their ability to climb any tree a coon can.

"Bob finally made it to the swaying top," reports Nick Sisley of Apollo, Pa. in *American Cooner* magazine, "and after some poking was able to knock out the coon—alive. It hit the ground and four dogs piled in. Men were grabbing dogs, and dogs were biting anything that

looked like fur. Woe the fellows with a little hair on the back of their hands."

And then there is the musical aspect. Kelly Bragg of Hinton, W. Va., advertising in *American Cooner* some pups sired by his dog Blue III, writes, "I would rather hear Blue III open at night than to hear Tennessee Ernie sing *Peace in the Valley*."

To "open," it should be explained, is to begin "bawling" or "giving out that mountain music." And that music not only charms, it communicates: ". . . for when Blue III opens," continues Kelly Bragg, "he is moving on, and a coon is going to climb."

That is something: to catch the exact drift of a dog way off in the distance, maybe two or three miles, in the dark, in wild country, following its instincts and training through thick cover, running as hard as it can. A good many men go coon hunting three or four or five nights a week, sometimes all night long, in good weather and bad, year-round. "In 1964 me and my wife got into it about coon hunting," says John L. Smith of Garland, Texas, a dry-wall contractor and father of four. "She got mad and said, 'All right, you just go on and hunt, then!' 'Well, that's good,' I said. I hunted 42 nights in a row, and she never said anything more about it."

Neither coon meat nor coonskins are of much economic value today, and many inveterate coon hunters profess never to have tasted coon. Even most of those who prize the meat highly—barbecued or baked with collards and sweet potatoes—look down on the kind of dog that is best for a meat hunt.

Such a dog is known as a silent or semisilent cooner. Low-bred, maybe three-fourths cur, the silent or semisilent dog sneaks up on a coon with little warning and is therefore more likely to make it settle for a low tree. The dog will then be held back while the hunter shoots and retrieves the coon. Not much pleasure to that.

For the pleasure hunt, a few friends go out in the woods at nightfall with their dogs, turn them loose, build a fire and sit down on a log to tell stories and listen for the dogs to tune up. It is best if the dogs strike the trail of a strong, wily and experienced coon that will lead a long and melodious chase.

Melodious because as soon as the dogs pick up the scent they



begin to bawl, and they continue to bawl—"aooo, aooo," each dog in its own distinctive tone—until the coon is treed. The hunters know when the dogs are "on tree," because the dogs so signify by changing the music. Ideally a dog will "chop" on tree: a brisk, tenacious "yo yo yo . . . yo yo yo," or "rowa rowa rowa uh rowa rowa uh rowa," or "hru hru hru . . . hru hru . . . hru hru hru." The pattern varies.

"Bawl on track, chop on tree is your perfect dog," says T. K. Chilcoat of Ashdown, Ark., who is president of the Saline River Coon Hunting Association. "But some dogs may bawl on tree. If I had a good coon dog and he meowed at the tree like a cat, and I could hear him, it'd be line with me."

When the coon is treed, it is time for the pleasure hunters to get off the log, douse the fire, button up their heavy coveralls and strike out through the brush, brambles, creeks, bogs or even rivers between them and the tree. The hunters locate the coon by making coon-squall noises while shining lights up into the tree. Coons are smart, and will scrunch up in the crotch of a limb and even cover their eyes with their paws, but unless the leaves are too heavy or it is an old den tree—a hollow tree inside which coons live or hide—the coon's eyes will eventually shine in the light.

Then the coon may be shot, or one of the hunters may shinny up and shake it down for the dogs. But if the coon has run a good race it may be granted a reprieve and the dogs will be pulled off and led away to strike another trail. For it is pleasurable just sitting on the log and saying, "There goes old Brumby," or "There goes old June," and telling about the time an old rough coon ran for four hours, perhaps back and forth through the corn when the roasting ears were just coming out, or up and down a railroad draw as the hunters sat listening, the coon passing near enough that they could hear the patter of its feet.

A business hunt brings people and animals together on only slightly different terms. The first step is for the owner of a distinguished dog to place an ad in *American Cooner*. There will be a picture of the owner holding up the tail of a stiffly posed redbone, and another picture of the same dog barking its head off at the base of a tree. The text might run something like this:

"AT STUD. Elvidge's Red Marvel. I have owned this hound just one year and have the names and addresses of 94 men that have bred their females to him. Boys, there must be a reason. Marvel is a beautifully made hound; tight cat feet, big-headed with long, wraparound ears and the most beautiful redbone coat you will ever see. His daddy was Louisiana Bugle and his mother was Far Cry Ann.

"Red Marvel has been straight on coon from a pup up. He is

continued



Yo yo yo *continued*





PHOTOGRAPHS BY WIL BLANCHE

good-natured, a gritty kill dog, and will take any water a coon will cross. Boys, this Marvel dog has a tenor bawl that will make the little hairs stand up on the back of your neck. He is not mean or fussy in any way and he trees with a machine-gun chop that will drown out the average dog.

"I may sound enthusiastic about this young hound and I am. Come on down and I will hunt with you any night except Sunday until you are satisfied Marvel is all I say. If Marvel don't show you coon eyes, then I will buy your gas.

"RED MARVEL'S STUD FEE IS $125.

"I want to say that Wayne Sudduth and his brother Worley were down here hunting last month with their dogs Red Girl and Rose, and I have never met any two finer sportsmen. Wayne, you and Worley are always welcome at my house to hunt or visit.

"A.O. ELVIDGE, Rt. 1, Box 5, Fumis, Tenn."

In response to the invitation in such an ad, a man from maybe a couple of hundred miles away will drive down with his gyp (the standard coon-hunting term for a female dog; bitch is no word to use around ladies), and the two men and the two dogs will go out hunting. If the gyp's owner likes what he sees, his hound will show up at the house of the stud's owner, in a crate, the next time she is in heat.

Some good coon hounds get to be worth a lot of money. For example, Danny Boy, a treeing Walker owned by J. P. Tyree of Lewisburg, Tenn., which in 1971 became the first dog ever to win both the American Coon Hunters Association and the United Kennel Club world hunts in one year. Tyree says he has turned down an offer of $10,000 for him.

The ACHA world hunt (which has been held recently in such places as Oblong, Ill. and Van Wert, Ohio) attracts some 300 entries, lasts for five nights and rewards the first-place dog's owner with what may be the most imposing trophy in sports: a seven-foot structure, four tiers of bronze and walnut supported by 10 columns of the same materials, topped off by a bronze globe from which sprouts a bronze tree on which a bronze dog is treeing a bronze coon.

Other competition hunts are more modest in scale. The duration is only one or two nights, maybe 50 or 60 dogs are entered and the trophies are no more than waist-high. A local coon-hunting association places an ad in *American Cooner:* "Nite Hunt and Bench Show," on some forthcoming Saturday or Friday and Saturday. Everyone invited, dinner on the grounds, plenty of trophies, drinking forbidden.

The assembly point is some community meetinghouse. In Spanish Fort, Texas, at the very end of a dirt road on the Oklahoma border due north of Nocona, it is a renovated 97-year-old building owned by Virgil Hutson, the Spanish Fort Coon Hunters Association president, who uses it as a clubhouse and a store for the sale of coon-hunting sundries: "Dog Bloom VM250, The Supreme Conditioner"; "Cooneye Shiner Light Fits Cap Bill or Belt"; "Coon Drag Stick"; "Carhartt Insulated Coveralls"; "Brown Canvas Hats, Jones Style with Coon Face on Front"; "Bandy Tri-Wormer."

The host club's wives open the kitchen for a two-day hunt on Friday morning and keep it open—serving chili, eggs, sausage, steaks and French fries without ceasing—straight through into Sunday afternoon. Pickup trucks, station wagons and campers carrying caged dogs start arriving Friday morning.

The crowd of hunters and dog traders and onlookers grows into the afternoon. Included are contractors, janitors, roustabouts, carpenters, college students, farmers, high school kids with peace symbols on their clothes, millworkers, car dealers and what have you. One or two hunters may be black. The arrivals are likely to represent three or four states, and one or two may have come from 400 miles away.

There is some idle introductory joshing, but most of the talk concerns which breed of dog is the best. Say the location is Dierks, Ark., the piney-woods headquarters of the Saline River club. T.K. Chilcoat is liable to come over to where past president Dale Thomas is talking to someone and say, "Only thing Dale'll lie to you about is a spotted dog." (That is, a treeing Walker.) "Then, too," Chilcoat goes on, "that is about all he'll talk to you about."

This does not discourage Thomas: "A black and tan is loose-eared. A Walker's

ears're growed onto his head better."

"I don't know whether Walkers tree coon better or not," adds another Walker man. "I know they do it more often."

Despite the prevailing tone of bland objectivity, such arguments may grow heated. But they do not reflect directly on a particular man's dog.

"Ever man is proud of his dog," points out Chilcoat.

"That's right," says Thomas. "You don't run a man's dog down. You might as well say, 'Your baby's ugly.' "

The preliminaries to a competition hunt used to include coon-on-a-log, coon-in-the-hole and the waltzing keg. In these events a coon is put, respectively, on a log floating in water, in a hole whose opening is just the size of a dog's head, or in a keg suspended in the air on ropes. Then all the entered dogs are turned loose on it. The dog that seizes, holds and removes the coon wins. Especially in the hole, the coon has the initial advantage, but this hardly makes up for its chances in the long run, and Humane Society pressure has forced such activities out of UKC-licensed hunts.

The rule now is that there can be no direct contact between dog and coon in a preliminary event. This leaves room for water races and treeing contests. In a water race, a coon is towed across a pond in a Styrofoam boat suspended from a cable, and the dogs, divided into heats, swim after it. A redbone of T.K. Chilcoat's once jumped into the wrong heat and finished creditably even though it got a late start and had to tow the big piece of pulpwood it was tied to. The swimming dogs in the pond and the tied-up dogs around it are all bawling; dogs are getting loose, jumping in, splashing, dragging little girls into the water; the little girls are yelling "Stop! Daddy, come catch your dog!" and Daddy is yelling, "I told you to hold that dog."

A treeing contest is also tumultuous. A caged coon is set up atop a sapling or pole. All the dogs in the contest are given a good look at it. They bark and lunge at the pole and sometimes get loose and ascend it about halfway. Maybe the cage hasn't been pulled up to the top and one dog is able to grab it with its teeth. The treeing-contest officials pull the cage up to shake the dog off but it hangs on until it is four feet off the ground and even then it has to be pried off. Then one dog at a time is loosed to show off its tree form. In most contests the winner is determined purely by the number of times it barks—100 chops in a minute is good.

Now comes the bench show, in which dogs are judged solely on their looks. But looking good and hunting good are known to be two different things. It is when dark is falling, and men start saying things like, "This old dog can't find enough woods to hunt in," that the real action develops.

The entries hunt in casts of four dogs, which hunt together for three hours, with a local man along as guide and scorekeeper. Right. A man carrying an official scorecard. Coon hunting has been refined to that point. Scoring high requires close teamwork between dog and handler. As Everette Endsley, who handles Danny Boy for J.P. Tyree, puts it, "You got to really call like your dog is doing. And he's got to really be doing it, too." The reason Danny Boy is the incumbent best coon dog in the world, says Endsley, is that he is a good honest dog. "If he smells a coon he'll bark. If he don't he won't. If the coon runs off through yonder he'll run off through yonder after him. He won't fool around."





The testing of such honesty gets underway as follows: the different casts fan out over, say, a 40-mile radius. It takes a few hours to get gear and dogs together and drive over dirt roads to an isolated spot. The dogs in a given cast are turned loose.

As soon as Danny Boy bawls once, Everette Endsley will call "Strike Dan," but a less distinguished dog handler will probably want to wait for the second bawl to make sure. At any rate, the first man to say "Strike my dog" is accorded 100 points on the scorecard. The second striker gets 75, the third 50, the fourth 25.

A problem that may arise here is that two men may strike the same dog. Since every man is supposed to know his own dog's voice like he knows his wife's, this is ticklish. Ten or 15 years ago, "when coon hunting had a rough name," as one hunter puts it, two men claiming the same bawl might have fought. But today one man will make a semigracious concession. "If another man jumps in on my dog," says Everette Endsley, "that's his chance to take. If he can call my dog better than I can then he's welcome to it." But you know Everette won't like it.

After the striking comes the treeing. The handlers head out in the direction of the bawling dogs. Along the way they speculate on the type of coon they are dealing with. "He been crawfishing up and down that creek," one may say, "and they running back and forth following that feeding trail." Or, "They got an old ridge coon goin'. Them ridge coon're long-legged coons. He'll run like a deer."

Maybe one dog still hasn't opened. "Gerald, where's your dog?" somebody may say.

"I guess he fell in a well," says Gerald, listening.

"He might not like that coon, you reckon?"

continued



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Yo yo yo *continued*

"He might not," says Gerald. "If he does, he'll let you know."

There is no telling where the coon's trail may lead. "A dog running a coon would be no race at all right out on the highway," points out Everette's cousin John Henry Endsley, who won the World Hunt in 1964 with Sailor Jr. "I can outrun a coon myself. But a coon can get through a fence where a dog has to slow down. A coon can run up the side of a tree and a dog has to stop and check to see whether he stayed up or jumped down and ran on. A coon can make the walking rough."

Then some dog may begin to chop and its handler will say, "I'm gonna hafta tree old Rebel." Or old Rowdy, or old Girl. The first man to call tree gets 100 points on the card, and so on, just as in striking.

Usually all four dogs will be found together at the bottom of a mighty oak, chopping and jumping up and down and chewing on the bark. The question is, is there a coon in that tree?

If coon eyes shine, well and good. All the points on the card count plus. But the coon may be up inside the tree. In that case, if the hole in the tree is low down, the hunters may get down on their hands and knees, after pushing the dogs away with some difficulty, and peer up inside with a flashlight, or poke up with a stick. This is a good time for stories about the man who started messing around in a tree like that and a whole hive of bees took off up his shirtsleeves, or the time someone shot a coon out by disassembling a .22 rifle, reassembling it inside a hollow tree with the muzzle up and pulling the trigger. But many a cavernous or heavy-leafed tree refuses to yield a glimpse of a coon. In this case no dog makes points.

Then again sometimes a tree's limbs are all visible, its trunk is solid and there is no coon anywhere. This means the coon has jumped down, maybe from 50 feet up, and slipped away. The dogs are chopping at a "slick tree." Or, even worse, they may have scared up something other than a coon—a bobcat, a possum or a housecat. If a dog trees "trash" or comes up with a slick tree, it is a "minus dog." Its points all stand, but as a deficit.

In the space of three hours there may be four or five more trees to recoup on, but minus points are not good for a coon hunter's spirits. After a slick tree the talk may well be of bygone dogs that were better. Ben Childress of Fairfield, Texas tells of Sugarfoot, a redbone grand champion who was still hunting at the age of 19. "Sugarfoot had a choking chop, from deep down in his chest," says Childress. Then, while negotiating a creekbed, he lets his own voice go soft saying, "It was just an outstanding privilege to go out in the woods with that dog."

It is at this point that the limits of a competition hunt become evident. Just walking through the woods reminiscing and hoping the next tree won't be slick or trashy is too passive. The compensations are trophies and points toward champion and grand champion status if your dog is one of the top 10 in points for the whole hunt.

All the fun is over for the dog, which is led off to pose for pictures—its toenails scratching uneasily on the clubhouse floor—and doesn't get to kill any coons. And the man has run up against section 15 of the official honor rules: "No shouting encouragement to the dogs."

That is what's missing. That is why there is no recourse for a competition hunter but nostalgia when his dog is not doing its job.

But it may be that while all the official plussing and minusing is going on around the countryside a man swings into the hunt headquarters who isn't entered but is looking to stir up a pleasure hunt. Let us say that, unlike any of the competitors, he has had a little something to drink. This is a man who before the night is over is going to be shouting encouragement to his dog.

Call this man Troy. The dog he brings in looks as if it needs encouragement, or even a doctor.

"See," explains Troy, "his hair's right. But his flesh ain't right. But my flesh ain't right either." He grins at this. Troy is short, gristly and loose-jointed. His overalls hang loose around his next inner layer of clothes. He is feeling good, and in spite of appearances he is proud of his dog.

"He ain't too good to look at," Troy concedes. "But I tell you what, dear dad, when I turn him loose you won't be looking at him anymore. He'll strike as soon as he smells. He ain't a pretty dog, but a pretty dog don't tree *coon*. I ain't a pretty boy, either, Mr. Man, but a pretty boy don't have *that*."

continued

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Yo yo yo

Troy holds up his right forefinger which is half missing.

"That ain't from saying good morning, dear dad, that's from grabbing *coon*. Feel that dog's ears. They're chewed, Mr. Man, and that's birdshot stuck in 'em. That is a dog there that's been hunted. Now feel my ears."

Nobody does, but one bystander who is staring at Troy's dog goes so far as to say, "They ain't supposed to be pretty to run coon. They look kinda woolly when they run coon."

"I don't give a damn what they run," says Troy with obscene logic, "from a mare mule to the Queen of Sheba—that black and tan, when I strike him he'll be trailing coon, dear dad, and when I tree him he'll be on the tree. And in one hour or two months or the next morning when we go back, Mr. Man, he'll have his toenails jabbed into that tree."

So Troy gets up a hunt with a man who has a dog that digs out so fast *after coon, he maintains, that you* better not put it down on a gravel road or it will knock the windshield out of your truck.

On the way to the woods in the pickup, Troy mentions a few of the wild and bloody fisthghts he has been in with people. "I ain't never met a man I was scared of," he says in conclusion. "But I have met a few I wish to hell I had been scared of." When someone asks him if his dog is really as good as he claims, Troy says this: "My daddy told me, 'Son, I got one of' boy I could never tell nothing about, whether he was lying or not,' and that was me. He sure couldn't whip it out of me 'Cause he tried that a plenty of times."

And then Troy is out in the woods with his dog out farther, and the dog isn't opening yet, and still isn't, and here is what Troy says when he is encouraging his so-far silent, distant dog:

"Lemme heartn ya holler." And, "Talk tooooo 'im." And, "Get them coooooon."

Troy is not just saying these things, he is bawling them, and he is in good voice. Also he moves well in the woods or the underbrush, he is noted as a climber, he fights bigger men ferociously. Troy might be too inclined toward inscrutability to be a top honest coon dog, but he would be an interesting one, and in still another life he would make a fine rough coon. **END**

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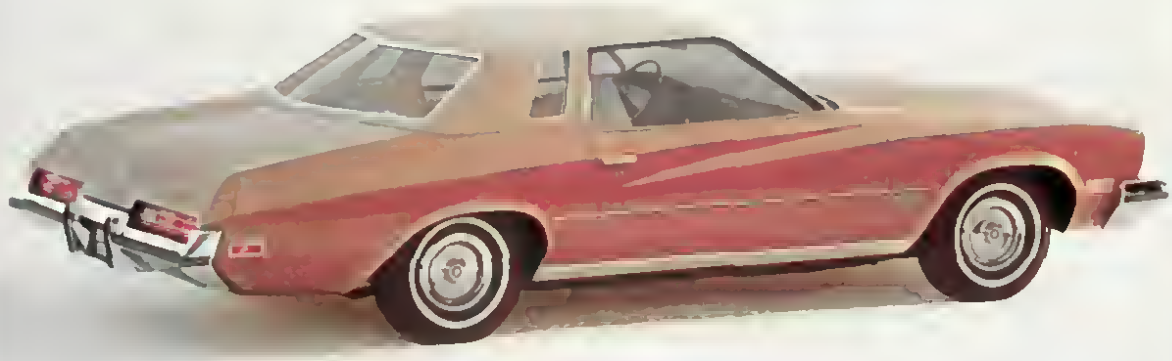


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IT COULD BE THE RUIN OF THEM

. . . or so a holy man said: If the Colosseum falls, Rome will also. Well, the old stadium is crumbling, and somebody better do something

by MARK KRAM



It is said that for each day of the week there is a certain sense of moment that comes early in life and never leaves, a sound, a smell, a peculiar movement of pictures that forever identifies the day. Sunday: strewn inky newspapers, a roast heavy in the air, an emptiness that made you want to go to sea. Monday: cold early mornings, the reality of lunch bags waiting, the smell of blue starch, the creak of a clothesline. Saturday: hanging of hammers, new wallpaper going up, grass burns on knees from the park. Then there was Friday: a day as black as an atheist's soul, people arguing over money, warnings about bones in the fish, simply trouble on the wind.

The only thing that saved Friday was Latin and a big grizzled old Christian Brother known as Caesar, he looked as bad as Friday itself. For him Latin was the only language, and Friday's class was his stage in the Latin week. His eyes no longer in this world, his arms flailing, whether making great scrawls on the blackboard or dramatizing Julio-Claudian emperors he made the room

continued

quake, Latin live and Ancient Rome seem only a few blocks away. His finest hour, one that the glorious ham in him could not resist monthly, was the Colosseum, and when he was through, as the chalk dust settled on ground damp with blood, who could not feel the prospect of the next hour with sentence diagrams heavy on the heart?

For the more street-wise in the class, bets were that the only ruin the old tale-spinner had ever been near was the building in which he taught. As usual, they were wrong, for his fervor for the place had taken him there often. Like those with a passion for the styles and motivations of Civil War generals, or the esoterica of 17th century furniture, he never could get enough of the Colosseum. He knew every inch of it, felt every scene, but little did he know that big Hollywood budgets would one day leave a single image on the minds of those he taught as well as most of the public: Peter Ustinov sprawled on a bed of rose leaves and chewing sensually on some grapes.

Bosh! That might have been his only reaction to the show-biz touch, but blood surely would have risen to his brain—alarmingly so—at the latest revelations concerning the Colosseum. The news would also not sit well with the literati who have been struck nearly dumb by the Colosseum for centuries. Goethe said it was a "vision of beauty." Dickens called it solemn, grand, majestic and "the most mournful sight conceivable." And Matthew Arnold said he would remember it to the latest hour of his life. Less ecstatic, but just as firm, Cole Porter called it "the top," right up there with Napoleon brandy, cellophane and Mickey Mouse.

Gentlemen, the news is not good: the world's oldest stadium in the round, the only oval to seat 50,000 until the Yale Bowl was built, this most magnificent arena of pagan civilization, is in bad shape. Its condition came to light recently when Rome officials—for the first time that anyone could recall—closed down perhaps the planet's star antiquity. The action left tourists gaping from behind barricades and the more scholarly pondering warily the Venerable Bede's prediction made centuries ago: "When the Colosseum falls," said the great doctor of the church, "Rome will fall, and when Rome falls, the world will go also."

As far as anyone could tell, the world did not seem to mind much, but the Italians took it hard. It was more than their general good nature and patience could bear after a year of a dozen or so strikes, closed hotels and bars, no Sunday newspapers, a government shutdown and the usual bureaucratic malaise. Almost everyone had something to say. The Superintendent of Antiquities pointed to his pittance of a budget. Guides, souvenir hawkers and taxi drivers lounged on the perimeter of the ruin, complaining of no customers. And Fellini, when asked for a reaction, merely said: "Ahhhh," which in the Italian intonation means, "So what else is new?"

Danger to tourists from falling rocks, each weighing roughly 40 pounds, moved



officials to action. An inspection team was sent in, and the prognosis was not cheerful. If the structure was not going to keel over soon, it was, as one official put it, "an old, old man who needs medical treatment." The report found that the place was sorely in need of attention, that loose pieces of stone were all over vaults and arches, that the masonry was cracking around the top and slabs of travertine were splitting off from the pressure of growing weeds. Up went the barricades, but not for long and not before a California millionaire reduced the plight of the Colosseum to a joke that amused some, angered others.

One Thomas Merrick, the Californian, sent an emissary to negotiate the purchase of the Colosseum. His agent, Fausta Vitali, was authorized to offer the Italian government $1 million for the ruin and a promise to spend another million for restorations. To recover his investment, Merrick would charge a stiff admission. The Rome daily *Il Messaggero* reacted with a headline AMERICA IS THINKING OF US over a cartoon showing the Colosseum as a baseball stadium, cinema and supermarket covered with neon signs and surrounded by skyscrapers. Unamused, Miss Vitali countered by saying that the whole thing was "like taking a child from an unfit mother." The official Italian face grew slightly crimson.

At the Education Ministry, always up to its neck in chaos, a press spokesman suggested that the Californian spend his money elsewhere; the ministry oversees all public monuments. "I understand," said a press aide, "he could get a very good Colosseum in gold on the Ponte Vecchio in Florence." But the situation was viewed seriously by the *Corriere Della Sera*, Italy's most influential newspaper. "A lesson we deserve," said the Milan daily, "but the indifference of our governing class is such that, tomorrow, faced with complete ruin, some paradoxically could regret not having accepted Mr. Merrick's offer."

Anxieties were relieved and public outcry quelled as the government finally rejected the offer and went about probing the serious dangers to the monument that draws half a million tourists a year. The dangers, of course, had been detailed repeatedly for the last 20 years by Gian Filippo Carettoni, Rome's Superintendent of Antiquities. The trouble is that too many hands are now pulling at the current crisis, which is quite real in view of Rome's heavy dependence on the tourist dollar. "We are getting so lost in chatter and polemics," says Mario Pastorelli of the Police Division of Dangerous Buildings, "that the Colosseum could fall down while we're here arguing."

Aside from heavy rainstorms that have been cruel to the colosseum and other ruins, it seems the major threat is traffic. And the traffic is blamed on Mussolini, who cared for the arena rather well. Il Duce had grand plans for it after the war. It was to be the center of his *Romanità*, symbol of imperial grandeur. So he cleared away a congested quarter of Rome and built a ring of asphalt around the Colosseum. The ruin stood in splendid isolation. But he did not realize that an estimated 200,000 cars would one day explode around it, not to mention a subway underneath.

Traffic and official neglect are bad enough, but a hard, embarrassing fact is that the Colosseum ranks as one of

continued

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the sinkholes of the world. It is a far cry from the place that once was a botanist's dream and a must after-dinner spot for Victorian ladies who rode there in carriages to see it by moonlight. Henry James had Daisy Miller go there in his novel of the same name, though she was warned of the popular threat of the time. "You'll not think a bad attack of the Roman fever very quaint." The flirtatious Daisy died of the fever, which is much more romantic than what could befall you there now after the sun goes down.

The Colosseum is a sinister bivouac for the strays of Rome, a place of amber light and strange sound. It is not wise to set foot in it, certainly not alone. On a visit at night not long ago, one remembers the eerie chill. It was like being lost inside a cave of stalagmites. Laughter floated down from its high rim, whispers could be heard nearby and then a sudden yowl of a starving cat. The cats, thousands of them, are the principal residents, just slightly more in number than the hands of thieves, busted-up prostitutes and homosexuals; if you hear a loud pop, it is a homosexual knocking out a light. So the police say, who have better sense than to go inside.

By day it is evident that the sanitation corps does frequent it now. Until recently all the refuse of Rome seemed to be deposited here, from old tires to rotten vegetables, and on a hot day even the most insensitive nose had to flinch. For perspective, one could imagine the Eiffel Tower or the Taj Mahal being in the same condition or, on a more minor scale, the Houston Astrodome in a couple of centuries. The least, it can be said now, is that the Colosseum can crumble in dignity befitting a structure that has survived nearly 20 centuries and may be the most quickly recognizable monument in Europe.

Standing in the middle of it, it is likely that one will feel very old or very young, much inspired or quite subdued. But few can fail to grasp its brilliant construction, its workmanship and intricate design, its great upward feeling. A maze of sophisticated arching, entrance-exits (about 80), vaulted tunnels and stairways, the Colosseum never felt a sliver of wood; all of it was made of solid masonry. Not counting the basements and subbasements, the Colosseum is four stories high (187 feet). It is 620 feet long and 513 feet wide. Inside, there were 50,000 seats, all of marble and not a bad one in the house.

What a spectacle it must have been, the opening of Titus' 100 days of "games." Dawn breaks, silence for a moment, then thousands of Romans with their food for the day, buzzing toward the entrances, the clay disks that promised them admission in their hands. The *velarium* (a huge awning) snaps in the warm wind as they sit arguing and exchanging gossip while waiting for the dignitaries to come and be carefully seated, the *velarium* does not shade the masses, only the elite. The ringside is divided: one section for Titus and his guests and the rest of it for senators, pontiffs and other officials. Once they are seated a stillness falls over the arena.

Even the *populus Romanus* (the working stiffs) are quiet, but it is a wonder. Prior to the games the promotion has been intense, with posters up all over town announcing the gladiators and their records and special festivals. There were false promises of supreme comfort; the *velarium* would be up and there would be a sprinkler for the dust. The mob does not have to wait long, for now Titus, robed like a peacock, is being saluted by the gladiators. He then lets a scarf flutter from his hand over the rail, the signal for what would be endless carnage that would fascinate ages and make the use of the word cruel for description seem restrained.

The Romans would surely debate that point. For like all the chics of today—Mafia chic, Black Panther chic, protest chic—one for each month—barbarous spectacle was "in" at the time. Titus' games are fairly mild on this day, bear against buffalo, buffalo against elephant, elephant against rhino, man with javelins and nooses against beast and, finally, man against man. For amusement a few Pygmies are matched against cranes. Thousands of animals and many men are slaughtered before the 100 days end, and as the games close, Titus weeps; rumor is that he sees his own death near. His inaugural games for the Colosseum are a smash hit, the first step toward making it the most blood-soaked acreage in history.

Titus died one year later, and he was succeeded by his brother Domitian. A more poetic figure, but just as cruel as Titus, the games flourished under his rule. Crowds were seldom bored, for by now there were more diabolical stagings, more inhuman results, whips and red-hot irons to spur those who were hesitant, an orchestra of horns, flutes and a hydraulic organ, blows to the forehead by mallets; official confirmation of death and victory. Domitian also favored combat between women or cripples or dwarfs and one day flooded the place and produced a naval battle. Even so, the staple of the shows was and always would be the gladiators.

Look at a picture of a gladiator, think of his lot in life, and the instinctive emotion is pity. They were hard men, most of them drafted from slavery, from the ranks of prisoners of war and convicted criminals, and some were strayed nobility who merely sought the thrill of it all. For most, it was a hellish life, causing them to commit suicide in groups or attempt revolt in preference to slaughtering each other. For others it was a career and there were some, it is said, who had long merry lives, long enough to collect the wooden sword that symbolized honorable retirement, to be hymned by poets and have their portraits painted on vases. They would

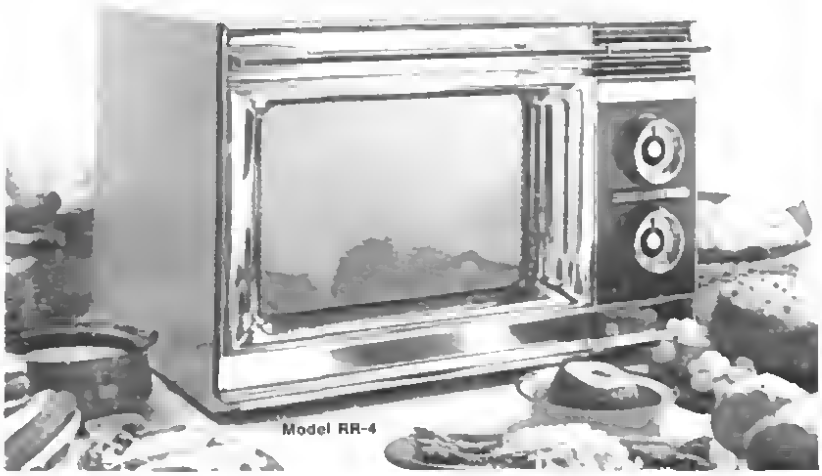
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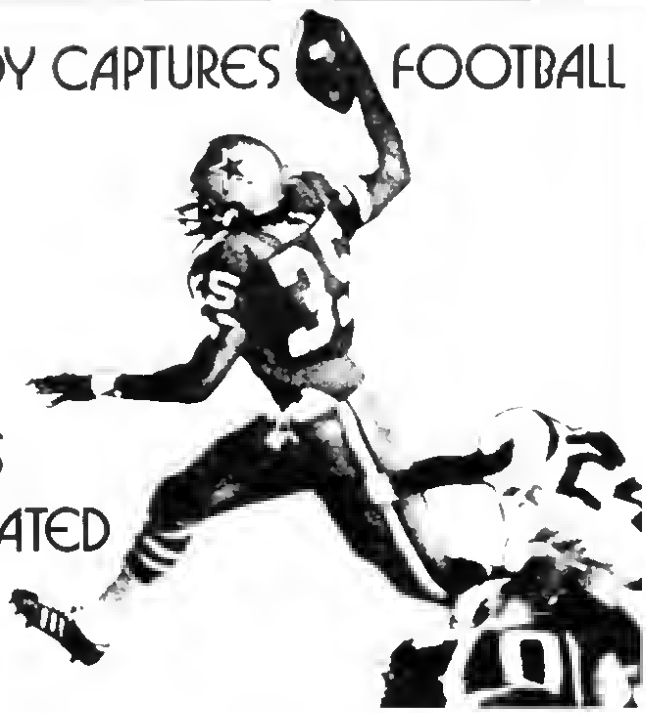
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not have understood Byron's lines "Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday."

Yet it was sympathy for them that brought an end to the gladiator combat. In 404 a monk by the name of Telemachus, who had never seen such games before, became outraged and jumped into the arena. He tried to separate the gladiators. The presiding official took one look and gestured to the fighters to cut him down, which they did neatly. Emperor Honorius was watching and was repelled by the sight. He canonized Telemachus for his trouble and abolished duels forever. One more century and even the matchups between animals were through, but by now nearly all the lions of Mesopotamia, the elephants of North Africa and the hippos of Nubia had been decimated.

It is unlikely that the Emperor Vespasian, father of Titus and Domitian, envisioned what would go on inside the Colosseum when he began to build it, contrary to popular belief, Nero had nothing to do with it, mainly because he was dead. Vespasian was a sober man, with one eye always on the budget and the other usually raised at the excesses of Roman high life. His reasons for starting work on the Colosseum were simple: he wanted to put the restless people to work and keep slaves occupied, and he thought Rome could do with another recreation center. It took more than 10 years to complete, and Vespasian did not see its finish. He died the year before the opening ceremonies, leaving the final touches and its ultimate reputation to Titus and Domitian.

Now, after all these centuries, the Colosseum shakes its underbelly shocked every 10 minutes by the subway, its frame rattled by inexorable traffic. It has survived five earthquakes, Popes who used it as a public quarry, millions of tourists who had to have a piece of it and, finally, an American millionaire. Professor Carettoni estimates that complete restoration would cost $5 million, the budget for the ruins of Rome is $400,000. The government has given him an emergency fund of $34,500, and for a while anyway seems once more attracted to its chronic invalid. After closing it, officials have reopened a portion to tourists and promised future restoration. The world and the Venerable Bede, it seems for the moment, can rest easy if not the flinty old Brother with the broken chalk in his hand. END

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Bill Battle, Tennessee's young head football coach (age 30), took his squad to a Friday night movie, as customary. Much less customarily, the film turned out to be something of a sizzler. "Tell you what," Battle suggested to the squad, "I won't tell your mothers you saw this thing if you won't tell mine."

Charles R. Brown of Westminster, Md., narrowly escaped death on a hunting trip. He is listed in good condition in a Ballston Spa, N.Y., hospital after being shot by a dog. Sheriff's deputies say one of Brown's companions laid his shotgun on the ground to retrieve a bird and his dog excitedly jumped on the gun, discharging its contents into Brown's right leg. Wait till the Head Beagle hears about *this*, Charlie Brown.

Dick Schaap, NBC sportscaster, disagrees that television sports personalities must stay physically fit to maintain their expert image. "I don't have to be fit to talk about sports," he says, "any more than I have to be corrupt to talk about politics."

A man stopped former Pittsburgh Pirate Second Baseman **Bill Mazeroski** on the street and said, "Thanks for straightening out my life." Then he explained that he had made a huge bet on the Yankees to beat Pittsburgh in the spectacularly dramatic 1960 World Series. "Your home run wiped me out," the man said. "After that I never made another bet. My family life is happy, and I'm grateful."

• Although golfer **Lee Trevino** faces a fine or suspension for walking out of the Sahara Invitational at Las Vegas, he is no villain in his native state. Upon his arrival at San Antonio, he was presented with a white hat to show that everybody there thought he was a good guy. But Trevino himself had doubts. "I was wrong in what I did and they have to fine me," he said. "If they don't I'm going to send the money in anyway."

When **Lee Arthur**, a (girl) free-lance TV production assistant, worked on background for an Oakland Raider game, Coach John Madden asked that most pregnant of questions, "Why don't you women stay home and be lovers and leave the TV and football to men?" Miss Arthur, forced from the sidelines to the stands, spent the rest of the day taking notes anyway. Among the important things she discovered: **Fred Biletnikoff** is superstitious about gum. He starts with two sticks of Wrigley's Spearmint and one of Juicy Fruit. If the game is going well, he returns to the bench for replacements in the same proportions. If it is going badly, he changes brands and proportions.

Republican Congressman **Bob Mathias** of California, twice Olympic decathlon champion, declined a challenge from former paratrooper **Vincent Lavery**, his opponent, to engage in a skydiving contest. Lavery proposed that both jump from a plane at 20,000 feet and see who would pull the ripcord last.



John Hadl Jr., age nine, was offered Jersey No. 21, just like his quarterbacking daddy wears, when he reported for Pop Warner football—and cheerfully declined it. "My hero is **Lance Alworth**. He wears No. 19," young Hadl said.

Brothers **Bob** and **Barclay Plager** of the St. Louis Blues were in a fury when a waiter in a St. Louis restaurant dropped a bowl of soup on Bob. "It was alphabet soup," Bob drawls. "I'll give you three guesses as to the letters they dropped on my head." Love?

Indiana Pacer **Roger Brown**'s attendance, or nonattendance, at Indianapolis City County Council meetings is getting almost as much attention as his basketball performances. Some citizens are unhappy because Forward-Councilman Brown has attended only eight of the last 14 meetings and 12 of 19 to date. Not important, said the *Indianapolis News*, forgiving Brown with faint praise. "Brown's attendance record is still better than his shooting average."

At the age of 18, Swimmer **Karen Moras** says that she is through "forever" with the sport that caused the boys to nickname her "Fish" and the girls, because of her chlorine-greened hair, to call her "Slime." To become an Australian Olympian, Karen gave up things she wanted, but now she feels free, free! "I've been going out on dates, have I ever!" she says. "My father said, 'You don't have to make up for all those years in one month, dear.' And I've been growing my hair. For 12 years I've wanted long hair. I'm beginning to find out what life is all about."

◆ **Robert Mitchum** had a good excuse to be out there on the ice talking to the Boston Bruins' **Bobby Orr**. Mitchum plays the lead in the arch-realistic crime movie *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, a film about the blue-collar workers and small businessmen of free-lance professional crime, set in the Boston area. A measure of its realism is that the fictional Coyle and his friends are excitable Bruin fans, and many scenes are shot at Boston Garden.



◆

When **Henry Hight**, an owner of the San Antonio Toros of the National Professional Football League, heard about Bernie Parrish's football book titled *They Call It a Game*, he sent off for a copy. What came back in the mail were 112 copies. Hight had somehow made out his check for $140 instead of $1.40. The delighted publisher threw in a dozen extra books for good measure, and Hight's car now looks like a bookmobile as he tries to give away copies. Call him the Hight of absentmindedness.





SORRY, COACH WE KICKED THE BALL HIGH SO THE LINEMEN COULD GET DOWNFIELD, BUT THIS CRAZY NO. 20 CATCHES THE . . .

COLLEGE FOOTBALL / *Dan Jenkins*

Try to catch a bolt of lightning

Sure, Nebraska is awesome, brutal, all those things, but what has really shattered opponents for three years is the brilliance of Johnny Rodgers, whose punt returns and pass receptions can mean instant defeat

If the typesetters are not careful, Nebraska's Johnny Rodgers may leap right out of this sentence, and then, like the hummingbird that he is, go flitting through ads, photographs, along the margins of the pages, in and out of other stories and maybe right out the back cover if that is what it takes to beat somebody. For three seasons Rodgers has been the super gnat of college football, the biggest reason of all why the Cornhuskers have been up there mashing everybody, and—oops, there he goes again, quicker than a blink, darting from the Contents page into the kidneys of Colorado with another surreal punt return.

It would not be fair to the legends of all the Red Granges, Tom Harmons, Doak Walkers and O.J. Simpsons to say that Johnny Rodgers might be the most excruciatingly exciting player who ever made forced landings on real grass or artificial turf, but he is surely among the alltimers in the category of jerking the occupants of entire stadiums upward every time he touches the ball. Or, for that matter, of causing a whole defense to feel like it was coming down with a head cold if he even goes in motion before the snap.

For his size, which is no more than 5' 9" and 173 pounds, Rodgers has to be the most devastating player who ever suited up, and every Saturday he manages to invent a new repertoire of dance steps with the ball that leaves national TV audiences and his own hoarse following mercilessly agog at the wonder of it all.

Last Saturday, on a glorious day in the Rockies, he was doing it all again against a rugged physical team, Colorado, that was aching for a shot at him. With a little help from his friends, Rodgers simply destroyed Colorado with a spectacular display of all his talent, which is known statistically around the NCAA records bureau as All-Purpose Running. Basically, that means returning kicks and interceptions and catching passes with some occasional rushing from scrimmage. Rodgers all-purposed Colorado for 266 yards, most of it on punt returns, and Nebraska looked as strong as it ever has, winning 33-10.

About every 10 minutes throughout the afternoon Colorado would kick the ball to Rodgers for some mysterious reason, and here he'd come, a fiery, little figure of bounding, blurring, flitting energy. Nobody has ever stopped and started as quickly or retained his balance so beautifully in so many awkward positions. Colorado punted to him six times and kicked off to him once, and every time he stood under the football the thought must have occurred to all of the 52,128 people in the stadium that this might be a Nebraska touchdown.

Rodgers never went all the way with a kick, but he did go immense distances, such as 59 yards (partly nullified by a clip), 40 yards, 38 yards, 26 yards and 22 yards, and a couple of the runs just were not to be believed as he darted, retreated, sidestepped and spun his way over the yardage stripes like a Ping-Pong ball that somebody had let loose in a wind tunnel.

And the thing about it is, it has become routine. He has been doing it for 33 games in the Nebraska uniform, all this returning, receiving and reversing, and no wonder Bob Devaney wants to retire from coaching after this season. Rodgers will be gone, much to the delight of the rest of the Big Eight. After that, catching Johnny Rodgers will become the problem of the National Football League.

He has three more regular-season games to play for the Cornhuskers, however, and undoubtedly a bowl game after that before his brilliant collegiate career will have ended. But even when his final statistics are totaled up and enshrined somewhere around Lincoln, they can hardly be much more impressive than they already are.

In Rodgers' case, statistics are inadequate, anyway. Figures don't reveal anything about how thunderous the Ne-

continued

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. . BALL IN A CROWD, SHAKES HIS HEAD RIGHT, HIS HIPS LEFT AND TAKES OFF. WE HAD HIM FOR SURE AT MIDFIELD EXCEPT . .

hraska attack has been for three years in other departments just because of his presence in the lineup. As a pro scout said, "Everywhere they put him—at slot, wing, flanker, anywhere—you can see the defense lean a little."

And the figures don't describe all the astonishing thrills provided by a player who has that knack of making a mere six-yard run seem like a journey into outer space.

But they probably ought to be recited here and now, because that funny old thing called the Heisman Trophy ballot will be going into the mails soon, and if Johnny Rodgers is not this season's leading candidate (if not, in fact, the only candidate) then most of the voters must be planning on writing in the names of their cousins.

Dwell on these numbers, if you will. In three seasons, or 33 games through last week, Rodgers has returned 99 punts for 1,564 yards, he has returned 33 kickoffs for 790 yards, he has caught 134 passes for 2,488 yards; he has rushed 124 times for another 688 yards, 5,530 yards in all, and he has scored 42 touchdowns.

If anything is going to harm Rodgers' chances for the Heisman, or any other award that will be given to the outstanding college player of 1972, it will be, quite unfortunately, his reputation. He is a guy who has had a knack for being, off the field, in the wrong place at the wrong time and a standing gag around the envious Big Eight is that the Nebraska police must really be nimble because they're the only people who have ever managed to catch him.

Today, Rodgers is a senior who credits football with "saving" him, who signs autographs by the dozens, and visits hospitals and schools trying to overcome his "bad kid" image. He has become a team leader, mature, outgoing, and apparently as inventive in his current private life as he is on kick returns, seeing as how he has become engaged to a *Playboy* secretary, a former "Miss Sepia."

"Sure, I'd like to win the Heisman," Rodgers says, "and I hope the fact that I blew it when I was younger doesn't go against me."

He says, "I'll tell you. Greg Pruitt and I have become friends. We call each other every Sunday after our games and kid around. He has a good chance. I'm hoping he wins if I don't, and he feels the same way."

Rodgers' past is not all that evil, despite the fact that Nebraska's opponents would have the world believe that he is a mini-Capone during the off-season.

It was in the spring of 1971 that his troubles began. It came to light that a year before, as a freshman, he had taken part in a service-station robbery. The publicity made Rodgers sound like a full-time stickup man whose ambition was to heist the Orange Bowl during a time-out. Actually the robbery occurred on the last day of school, 1970, a day when thousands of students were up to all kinds of pranks around Lincoln. The robbery had really begun as a prank, but it worked, much to the astonishment of Rodgers and his pals, and, oh, well, they kept the $90, seeing as how they had not been caught.

"It was wrong and I'm very lucky and grateful that all I got was probation," Rodgers says. "And the only way I can explain why we kept the money is

continued

. THAT SUDDENLY HE'S OVER THERE AND WE'RE ON THE GROUND. SORRY. MAYBE NEXT TIME OUR KICK WILL BE BLOCKED



that you have to be black and poor and young and dumb and think that $90 doesn't mean anything to a white man."

The next thing that happened to Rodgers was truly overblown. An automobile in which he was riding with a friend got stopped for speeding and the wonderful police announced to every newspaper in the Western world that Rodgers was being held under suspicion of possessing marijuana.

He did not. No evidence, no charge, but the publicity damage had been done.

His final trouble came last spring when he was arrested for running a stop sign while driving with a suspended license. Headlines. They were not bad enough to say "Stickup man and dope fiend runs another stop sign," but they did damage.

For all of this, Johnny Rodgers has managed to be the superb athlete he is and get an education. A hundred times he must have wanted to quit, to hide, to steal away and brood about his bad timing and a world that kept insinuating he was not welcome. He hung in, however, and found an understanding and a faith, and maybe that's why he tries so hard and performs so well—to pay back a sport that keeps saving him.

Rodgers may not win the Heisman because no one knows how many of the 1,200 voters are anti-stop sign running. But there happens to be one—me—who intends to vote for the best football player in the country, in or out of a courtroom, or in or out of a crowd of tacklers, and that player happens to be Johnny Rodgers.

THE WEEK

by LARRY KEITH

MIDWEST

1 MICHIGAN (8-0)
2 NEBRASKA (7-1)
3 OHIO STATE (7-0)

While Johnny Rodgers was doing his usual thing, his Nebraska teammates were doing theirs in that 33-10 victory over Colorado. In fact, it was Rodgers' backfield mates who put the first three touchdowns on the board with one-yard plunges. David Humm, Gary Dixon and Bill Olds. That splurge on successive possessions gave Nebraska a 19-0 first-quarter lead.

Humm had excellent protection as he completed 11 passes in 16 attempts for 130 yards. Dixon led all rushers with 94 yards in 19 carries and Olds added 76 more.

Colorado, aided by the recovery of its own blocked punt, was able to narrow the margin to 19-10 by halftime. The touchdown was the first Nebraska's defense had allowed in five weeks. Linebacker Jim Branch keyed the Black Shirts, whose job was made easier because the Buffaloes' Charlie Davis saw limited action after reinjuring his shoulder.

Oklahoma won its sixth game of the year, against Iowa State, and, just as in the previous victories, it did the job without allowing a touchdown. The Sooners ran inside more often than usual in the 20-6 victory because of the slick turf and the wide deployment of the Cyclone ends. That enabled Fullback Leon Crosswhite to gain 113 yards in 25 carries and score one touchdown. Greg Pruitt totaled 102 yards and he tallied the clincher in the closing moments. The fifth nationally ranked Big Eight team, those Cinderellas from Missouri, slammed Kansas State 31-14. The victory followed upset triumphs over Notre Dame and Colorado. Kansas ended its conference losing streak at three games in a 13-10 upset of Oklahoma State. Bob Helmbacher kicked field goals of 36 and 21 yards, the second with less than five minutes left to seal the victory. Kansas, normally a passing team, ran without much success in the first half, then went to the air in the second. That enabled David Jaynes to throw a 37-yard strike to Bruce Adams in the third quarter.

Duffy Daugherty finally discovered the tonic his disappointing Spartans have needed this year. He announced his retirement, whereupon Michigan State went out and jolted Purdue's Rose Bowl hopes 22-12. "We wanted him to go out a winner," said Safety Brad VanPelt. "You could see it in the guys' faces."

You could see it on the field, too, where Quarterback Mark Niesen scored on long-distance romps of 57 and 61 yards. Meanwhile, the Spartan defense tossed Purdue Quarterback Gary Danielson for 60 yards in losses. The Boilermakers were unable to muster the emotion proper for their own circumstance. Coach Bob DeMoss, recovering from pneumonia, was ordered to the press box by his doctors.

Michigan's Bo Schembechler is a man who learns from his mistakes. A year ago he tooted that his Wolverines were the best team in the nation—and they promptly lost to Stanford in the Rose Bowl. Last week, after they remained unbeaten with an unimpressive 21-7 win over Indiana, he was asked where he thought Michigan ranked. "I wouldn't tell you," he snapped.

The other Big Ten leader, Ohio State, also appeared uninspired against mediocre opposition. The Buckeyes won 27-19 but Minnesota gave them much more offensively than they anticipated and, at times, could handle. Champ Henson, the nation's No. 2 scorer behind Louisville's Howard Stevens, scored two touchdowns, his 14th and 15th of the year, and gained 131 yards. Illinois ended a season-long seven-game losing streak—and put the damper on dissension rumors at least momentarily—by sticking Northwestern 43-13. A 28-point third quarter broke the game open. Wisconsin seemed saddled with a tie after a late touchdown drive fell inches short, but when Iowa's Dave Harris stumbled over a blocker in his own end zone, the Badgers had a safety and a 16-14 victory.

Tulsa, which is generally good for about one big upset a year, stunned unbeaten Louisville 28-26 for its second win in eight games. Howard Stevens, whose career rushing mark passed 5,000 yards in the game, could not get one more on a fourth-down play at the Tulsa 11 late in the game.

WEST

1 USC (9-0)
2 UCLA (8-1)
3. ARIZONA STATE (6-2)

Washington State Coach Jim Sweeney had only minor objections to Southern California's No. 1 national ranking following his team's 44-3 loss to the Trojans. "USC isn't the top team in the country," he said. "The Miami Dolphins are." Southern California came on strong after a listless first quarter ended at 3-3. When the day was over, the Trojans had 23 first downs to Washington State's 13 and had nearly doubled the Cougars in total offense, 430 yards to 220. Two of USC's touchdowns were the result of State turnovers. Anthony Davis, a 5'9" sophomore, made his first start of the year and turned in his third consecutive outstanding game. He scored three times and gained 195 yards in 31 carries.

When it is going right—and it was for Mark Harmon—it does not matter what you try. The UCLA quarterback rolled the wrong way on a pass play, turned back and threw nine yards to Brad Lyman for a touchdown as the Bruins defeated Stanford 28-23. It was another big-play game for Harmon, who accounted for fewer than 100 yards on offense but scored twice on runs of 17 and 11 yards and passed for two more touchdowns. The winning score, with only 3:52 remaining, offset a two-touchdown fourth-quarter rally that put Stanford briefly into the lead.

Washington overcame a first half that pro-

Nationwide survey of independent TV servicemen reports Zenith Color TV needs fewest repairs.

Here are the questions and answers from a 175-city survey of multiple-brand TV service shops.

Which color TV needs the fewest repairs?

Independent TV servicemen were asked this question because they are in a unique position to judge the reliability of different color TV brands.

Every major brand sold in the U.S. was included in this study.

The servicemen named Zenith most often as the brand of color TV which requires the fewest repairs. More than twice as many named Zenith (30%) as mentioned the second-place brand.

QUESTION: "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?"

ANSWERS:	
Zenith	30%
Brand A	11%
Brand B	9%
Brand C	5%
Brand D	4%
Brand E	3%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	3%
About Equal	21%
Don't Know	11%

Which color TV is easiest to fix when it does need repairs?

When something goes wrong with a color TV, being able to fix it easily means a lower repair bill.

Zenith is named more often in the survey than any other brand as being the easiest to repair. One-third (34%) of the TV servicemen report Zenith Color TV is the easiest to repair. A significantly smaller percentage (25%) named the second-place brand as the easiest to repair, and a much smaller percentage named other brands.

QUESTION: "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say is easiest to repair?"

ANSWERS	
Zenith	34%
Brand A	25%
Brand B	11%
Brand D	5%
Brand F	4%
Brand E	4%
Brand C	3%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	3%
About Equal	18%
Don't Know	1%

Which color TV would you prefer to own yourself?

Servicemen know color TV from the inside out. So we wanted their opinion on which brand they would buy today for themselves.

More servicemen named Zenith as the color TV they would buy (35%) than named any other brand.

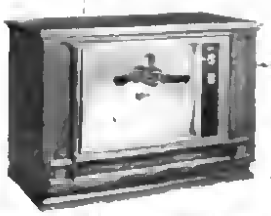
QUESTION: "If you were buying a new color TV set for yourself today, which brand would you buy?"

ANSWERS	
Zenith	35%
Brand A	21%
Brand B	12%
Brand D	7%
Brand E	5%
Brand C	4%
Brand F	4%
Brand G	3%
Brand H	1%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	6%
Don't Know	9%

NOTE: Answers total more than 100% because some servicemen named more than one brand.

How the survey was made.

One of the best-known research firms in America conducted this study of independent TV servicemen's attitudes toward brands of color television. Telephone interviews were conducted with TV servicemen themselves in April 1972 in 175 cities from coast to coast. To eliminate the factor of loyalty to a single brand, the study included only shops which serviced more than one brand of TV. Survey details are available on request.



ZENITH

The quality goes in before the name goes on

...TION 1900 N. Austin Ave. Chicago 60639

duced three fumbles and two interceptions to defeat Oregon State 23–16. The Huskies led at intermission but were less than impressive against the Pacific Eight's worst team, now winless in six conference games and 1-8 overall.

A freshman quarterback making his first start, Vince Ferragamo threw two touchdown passes to Steve Sweeney as California whipped Oregon 31–12. Sweeney has now equaled the Pacific Eight record for touchdown catches in a season with 10. Oregon got on the board first when Dan Fouts threw a 43-yard scoring pass, but then the Bear defense stiffened.

Utah, trailing Arizona 27–0, awoke from certain defeat to score four times in the final quarter and gain the Western Athletic Conference lead with a 28–27 victory. Quarterback Don Van Galder started the year's most stirring comeback with a 52-yard strike to Steve Odom, and the same combination covered 35 yards for another score on the third play of their next possession. The third touchdown came when Safety Steve Marshall returned an intercepted pass 68 yards and, yes, it is fair to ask why Arizona, which rushed for 357 yards in the game, was throwing at the time. The Utes were still a touchdown behind with 2:20 left, but Van Galder devoured 66 yards with three completions to Willie Armstead and a three-yard scoring run. Then Fleming Jensen kicked his fourth extra point for the victory.

Arizona State crushed Texas-El Paso 55–14 to maintain its faint WAC hopes. Utah State's Tony Adams had a superlative day, completing 32 of 47 passes for 406 yards and five touchdowns in a 51–7 explosion against Idaho.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (7-1)
2. DELAWARE (8-0)
3. WEST VIRGINIA (6-3)

There was nothing gentlemanly about the way Yale ran the Wishbone against Dartmouth. Guided by Tom Doyle, a sophomore quarterback making his first start, the Elis churned out 391 rushing yards against the Ivy's second-best defense to surprise Dartmouth 45–14. Doyle, an Indiana boy born in the shadow of Notre Dame's Golden Dome, woke a few echoes himself with 160 yards in 12 carries. He directed the team to three touchdowns and a field goal the first four times it had the ball and when all of Saturday's results were in, Yale was leading the Ivy League.

Penn and Columbia also managed upsets, beating Harvard and Cornell. The Quakers' first success in nine years against Harvard was marked by their biggest scoring day—38–27—since the series began in 1881. The Crimson led 14–9 at halftime despite an 80-yard touchdown run by Penn's Adolph Bellizeare on the first run from scrimmage. Bellizeare, who gained 203 yards overall, added another touchdown from 37 yards out in the fourth quarter to highlight a 29-point second half.

Columbia's 14–0 victory over Cornell was its first in league competition even though it was the third time the defense had not given up a touchdown. Don Jackson's passes provided most of the offense. He completed 20 of 32 for 233 yards and set up the game's first touchdown late in the third quarter with four straight completions. The defense did an excellent job of containing Cornell, which had been averaging nearly 28 points a game. In the only Ivy contest that did not significantly affect the league standings, Princeton showed its first signs of life this year by trouncing Brown 31–10 to end a four-game winless streak. Brown's Tyler Chase kicked a 46-yard field goal that enabled him to surpass Charlie Gogolak's Ivy League career mark of 16. It was his 10th of the year.

Army gave added significance to its Dec. 2 game with Navy by upsetting Air Force 17–14. Since the Middies also defeated the Falcons, the winner will claim the first interacademy championship. A zone pass defense kept the Cadets in contention by intercepting Rich Haynie six times. They trailed 14–10 when an end-zone turnover prevented Haynie's third touchdown pass. Army then set out on an 87-yard march, capped by Bob Hines' 49-yard run with six minutes remaining. Hines finished with 202 yards in 38 carries.

"This was not a 19-point ball game," Navy Coach Rick Forzano said following a 42–23 loss to Notre Dame. Irish Coach Ara Parseghian all but agreed, crediting Navy's comeback from a 35–0 halftime deficit. "I have nothing but praise and admiration for the way Navy played in the second half," said Ara. "They attacked our defense better than anyone we've played this year."

Starting with the opening kickoff, which Gary Diminick returned for a touchdown, the Irish were unstoppable in the first half. They put together three scoring drives of 80 yards or better and went to intermission with 318 offensive yards. Navy, however, drove 74 yards to score after the second-half kickoff and scored again after a 95-yard march. The Middies' 23–7 edge in the third and fourth quarters was the halt a loaf which legend says is better than none.

Penn State went airborne to defeat Maryland 46–16 and that pleased John Hufnagel, whose 290 yards on 14 completions in 30 attempts helped the Nittany Lions to their seventh win in eight games. "When I started out as a quarterback here, everybody judged me on one game," explained Hufnagel. "We didn't pass much that day, so they said I couldn't pass. That's why this was so satisfying." Hufnagel, whose only two losses in 24 games at quarterback have been to Tennessee, set single-game records for total offense (303 yards) and passing yards and a career record for passing yards.

The performance gave Coach Joe Paterno something more than his new son to gloat about. "Hully is super," said Poppa Joe. "One week he beats you with his running, the next week with the option and then he'll beat you with his passing." Maryland, which had been geared to shut down the running of John Cappelletti, had managed a 10–10 tie at halftime. "If I had to do it over," said Terp Coach Jerry Claiborne, "I would have played more zone pass defense. Hufnagel picked us apart."

Small-college power Delaware continued to get fat off the majors, although it took a 16-yard fourth-quarter pass to do it. The Blue Hens won their 12th straight, 14–7 over Villanova. Pittsburgh continued to play the role of Eastern patsy as West Virginia rolled 38–20. Kerry Marbury ran for three touchdowns and Bernie Galilla passed to Nate Stephens for two. Syracuse is in danger of its first losing season in 24 years, following a 37–0 loss to Boston College. Mike Esposito gained 151 yards on 20 carries, scored on runs of 52 and 28 yards and caught a 21-yard touchdown pass as Syracuse dropped to 4-5. Army and West Virginia lie ahead. In other games Colgate's running outscored Lehigh's passing 42–34 and Rutgers defeated Connecticut 21–13 as Jim Jennings surpassed the 100-yards-rushing mark for the sixth time. He also scored three touchdowns.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (6-1)
2. TEXAS TECH (7-1)
3. SMU (4-3)

Southern Methodist brought the nation's fourth-best rushing defense to Texas but a few leaks did the Mustangs in—Roosevelt Leaks here, Roosevelt Leaks there and, before the game was over, Roosevelt Leaks everywhere for 175 yards in 33 carries. In a 17–9 victory that once again spotlighted their durable fullback, the Longhorns all but assured themselves of a fifth consecutive Southwest Conference championship and Cotton Bowl berth.

Texas took control early by scoring both of its touchdowns in the first half with Leaks' line plunges doing the damage. On the Longhorns' first drive he carried six consecutive times for 60 yards before Don Burrisk went

continued

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1. Each entry must be accompanied by the end flap from any size package of TEGRIN Shampoo or the word "TEGRIN" printed in block letters on a 3"x 5"piece of paper
2. Entries must be individually mailed, postmarked by Dec 8, 1972 and received by Dec 15, 1972
3. Winners will be determined in random drawings by Mardan-Kane Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Winners will be notified by mail. Taxes are the sole responsibility of the winner
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over tackle to score from the 15. Following an intercepted pass that put the ball on the SMU 23, Leaks gained 20 yards in three carries, but it was Alan Lowry who plunged for the touchdown. All of Texas' 308 yards came on the ground as Lowry's six pass attempts went incomplete.

The Mustangs never really threatened to end the Longhorns' home-field winning streak, which has now reached 23 games. They did have a first down at the Texas 12 when Ken Harrison corralled a deflected pass, but Quarterback Keith Boho was promptly dropped for a pair of losses and SMU was eventually left with a field goal.

Texas A&M repeated last year's upset of Arkansas to end a six-game losing streak, 10-7. The Aggies did it by intercepting Joe Ferguson six times. One of the turnovers made possible a 26-yard touchdown drive capped by Brad Dusek's two-yard run. Defensive Tackle Boice Best was outstanding in the A&M charge that caused Ferguson so much trouble. "Our four-man front rushed for two or three steps and then looked for the draw or handoff," said Best. "If a runner wasn't coming we'd go hard for Ferguson. We raised our arms, hoping to block his view and perhaps tip a few of his passes. After that it was up to the secondary which, according to Robert Murski, who got two of the errant passes, 'was playing for the interceptions.'"

Texas Tech continued to be one of the year's major surprises by edging Rice 10-6. A 22-yard field goal by Don Grimes, the nation's third leading kick-scorer, clinched the outcome with 65 seconds left. The game's only touchdown came in the first quarter when Joe Barnes scored from the 11 on the quarterback keeper. Mark Williams kicked a pair of field goals but missed on three other attempts as the Owls lost their fourth straight following two opening victories and a tie.

By defeating Texas Christian 42-9 for its fourth win under new Coach Grant Teaff, Baylor has now surpassed its victory output of the last three seasons.

SOUTH

1. LSU (7-0)
2. ALABAMA (8-0)
3. AUBURN (7-1)

After Quarterback Bert Jones saved the day as time ran out against Mississippi, LSU Coach Charlie McClendon was offering a new perspective on the word "pressure." "When you're standing back there and the horn is already blowing, that's pressure," said Charlie. That seemed to be a fair appraisal of the 10-yard pass that beat the Rebels 17-16. Losing 16-10 with three minutes remaining, Jones took the team to that dramatic moment in a drive that began at the LSU 20. The Bengals sustained the march by converting fourth-down plays and, aided by a pass-interference call, gained another first down at the Ole Miss 10 with four seconds left. After the next pass fell incomplete, it all came down to one play with one second to go.

"I told Bert, *This is it. Get in there!*" said McClendon, "and you know what he did? He winked at me. He was perfectly calm and perfectly confident."

And the pass was perfectly complete to Brad Davis, who lined up with two other receivers on the left side. The completion was so close to the flag and there were so many players in the area nobody was sure Davis actually made it into the end zone before falling out of bounds, but the referee signaled yes. That, plus the extra point with 0:00 on the clock, sent the record Tiger Stadium crowd of 70,502 into a frenzy from which it won't soon recover.

Mississippi seemed to have the game in hand after driving to a touchdown early in the third quarter. But the situation began to turn around when Steve Lavinghouse missed a 27-yard field-goal attempt midway through the fourth quarter. A few minutes later the LSU defense stopped Ole Miss on three downs for the second time all night and that was all Jones needed.

There was grumbling among the Bulldogs following Georgia's 14-0 loss to Tennessee, only the second time Coach Vince Dooley has been blanked in his nine-year career. Quarterback James Ray thought he should have played more when it became apparent Georgia would have to pass to win. Instead, Dooley stuck with Andy Johnson, who threw two interceptions that wiped out the only serious Bulldog threats. Even though Tennessee scored both of its touchdowns on second-quarter passes by Condredge Holloway, Coach Bill Battle reserved his highest praise for the offensive line. "It was their finest effort since I've been here," he said. "We lined up and blew them out." Tailback Haskel Stanback, who gained 96 of the team's 262 rushing yards, said, "Everything worked just like the playbook shows. It was just straight-ahead football."

Auburn survived a determined second-half Florida bid after its ball-control attack ran 50 plays to only 19 for the Gators in a 26-7 first half. To ensure the 26-20 win the Tigers needed a pass interception and a fumble recovery dangerously deep in their own territory in the final three minutes. "There is an old axiom in football," mused Florida Coach Doug Dickey later. "You try to avoid losing and then you try to win. We did enough to win but we didn't avoid losing. We gave up too many points before we got enough." In other games involving Southeastern Conference teams, Alabama crunched Mississippi State 58-14 and Kentucky fell to independent Tulane 18-7.

North Carolina enhanced its chances for a third straight bowl game by running its unbeaten Atlantic Coast Conference string to a record 13 games. The Tar Heels, who have lost only to Ohio State, had little trouble in defeating Clemson 26-10. "North Carolina found something good three or four years ago and they have been sticking with it," said Tiger Coach Hootie Ingram. "That's the sign of a good strong football team." Fullback Tim Kirkpatrick gained 111 yards in 11 carries as the Tar Heels ground out 392 overall. "Our offensive line may have had its finest day," said Coach Bill Dooley. North Carolina State also continued its high-powered ways, romping over Virginia 35-14. Stan Fritts' two touchdowns ran his point total to a school-record 92.

Duke upset Georgia Tech 20-14 for its fourth straight win since sophomore Quarterback Mark Johnson recovered from a shoulder separation. Johnson scored twice and ran and passed for 189 yards. Tailback Steve Jones was again a workhorse, carrying 38 times for 149 yards. Georgia Tech was unable to move on the ground and interceptions shut down the air game when the Yellow Jackets made it close after being stymied for nearly three quarters. South Carolina started slowly but went on to blast

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Elusive Johnny Rodgers of Nebraska caught four David Humm passes, one for a 10-yard touchdown, to increase his career total to a Big Eight record 134. Rodgers also returned four punts for 144 yards.

THE LINEMAN: UCLA Defensive End Fred McNeill spearheaded the Bruin defensive charge that caught Stanford Quarterback Mike Boryla three times in the 28-23 victory, making 11 solo tackles and aiding in four others.

hapless Wake Forest 35-3. The victory may have eased some of the pressure mounted by the Get Rid of Dietzel (GROD) movement. "The job isn't open," said Paul.

Gary Huff had another spectacular day, but with his chief running support out, and with little help from the injury-riddled defense, Florida State lost to Houston 31-27. Huff completed 27 of 51 passes for 409 yards and would have produced more had at least six of his passes not been dropped. The Cougars, rebounding from losses to Miami and Mississippi State, got 345 yards from their ground game. VMI ended its 18-game losing streak—the nation's longest—by trouncing Furman 31-7. Oh, the embarrassment.

END



THE DANCERS, Rachel and Stanley share a victory smile with Super Bowl fan Rochester

HARNESS RACING / *Pat Putnam*

A native Dancer foils the French and other powers

Some scoffed when Stanley Dancer sat down to drive 3-year-old Super Bowl egeinst older chemps like Une de Mei—for two minutes

The way the year has been going for Stanley Dancer, the little millionaire from New Egypt, N.J. could draw three cards to an inside straight and never come up empty. There is Albatross, his 4-year-old pacer who has long since pushed past the million mark in winnings. And then there is Super Bowl, a year younger and, going into last Friday night's $50,000 Pacific Trot at Hollywood Park, the winner of 22 races, including the Triple Crown—and more than $400,000 in 1972. That's like finding a gold mine in the middle of your oil field. But when Dancer entered Super Bowl in the Pacific Frot, well, there were those who thought his love affair with Lady Luck was headed for splitsville. The race is a free-for-all, which means it is open to trotters of any age, and obviously no place for a tender 3-year-old.

The Pacific is the last prep race for this Friday night's $100,000 American Classic at Hollywood, and it is rare for a class trotter—over the age of 3—to pass up a shot at the $22,500 top prize. This time was no different. There was, for example, Une de Mai, the 8-year-old French mare who has added $1.6 million to Count Pierre de Montesson's meat-packing fortune. The last 3-year-old to win a major free-for-all at Hollywood Park was Armbro Flight in 1965, and Super Bowl's chances of ending that drought appeared even slimmer when Une de Mai reportedly worked 1½ miles in world-record time.

"Aw, I don't really believe that," Dancer scoffed mildly. "You know those Frenchmen, they never use a stopwatch. They get all their times out of their heads."

To further complicate Super Bowl's young life, Flower Child and Dayan were in the race. The latter won the American Classic two years ago. Flower Child had won seven straight races before Dayan snapped that streak last month.

"A 3-year-old is out of his class in a free-for-all," said Kirk Kirstein, the retired New Jersey textile man who is one of Dayan's owners. "Take Super Bowl. He's won his last 17 races, but always against the same competition. The older a horse gets, the stronger he gets. All these horses will take a shot at Super Bowl. He's used to fighting off maybe one challenge. In this race he'll fight off one challenge and somebody else will challenge. And if we get out in front, he won't have to worry about challenges because the race will be over."

But Dayan has been having his problems. Last year in Toronto three men locked Ollie Webb, the horse's groom, into a tack room. When Webb finally broke out, he found Dayan foaming at the mouth. "Somebody got to him," said Kirstein. "He was out for three months and then, when he did come back, he never regained his form. Not until late this year."

Understandably, Kirstein has been very jumpy. When a three-inch slash was discovered across the base of the horse's tail three weeks ago, Kirstein cried foul. "Somebody slashed him with a razor," he charged. "They were trying to cut the cord just above the tail. If they had got that, he'd have been finished for good."

"I don't believe in violence," said Webb, "but if I had caught the guy who cut him, he'd have wound up on the end of my pitchfork." "We've got a damn fine security force here, and they investigated," said Pres Jenuine, Hollywood Park's energetic little general manager. "They found a big sliver in the stall with horsehair on it. That's how he got cut."

Kirstein also is slightly worried, but mostly tongue-in-cheekishly, that Arab guerrillas might get to his horse, whom he named after Moshe Dayan, the Israeli defense minister during the Six-Day War in 1967. Recently an Israeli newspaper writer asked if she could do a feature story on the horse.

"Go away," said Kirstein, recoiling at the request. "You never heard of the horse. You don't know his name. He was named after Dayan O'Sullivan who played first base for the Knights of Columbus. You print a story about him in Israel and some crazy Arab will read it and mail him a plastic bomb in a bale of hay. Me they wouldn't want. The horse, maybe. Chances like that I don't want to take."

Jenuine, meanwhile, will take all the publicity he can get. With the Super Bowl coming to Los Angeles in January, Jenuine figured he had a natural in Dancer's horse. And so, about a week before the race, he asked the Los Angeles Rams if he could borrow a few players for a press conference. The Rams sent two. Halfway through the confer-

continued

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Henredon Furniture's Director of Design, Kenneth R. Volz, says it provides the most luxurious comfort he's ever found in a car seat.

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Magnavox T.A.C. (Total Automatic Color) not only automatically compensates for all those things from *outside* the house that can mess up your picture. Now Magnavox T.A.C. with Videomatic, automatically compensates for the one thing *inside* the house that can mess up your picture: changing room light!

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Free service for one full year

That means we'll repair the set free of charge, including parts and labor, if anything goes wrong (and *that's* highly unlikely) and it's Magnavox' fault.

T.A.C. with exclusive Videomatic, Modular 100% Solid State and our new one year free service

Three more reasons why we say . .

Magnavox gives you more.

ence Dancer pulled Jenuine aside. "Who are those two hig guys?" he whispered.

"They play for the Rams One's a halfback and the other is an end," Jenuine said

"Oh," said Dancer "What in hell is an end?"

By midweek Dayan emerged as the early favorite to cut down Super Bowl in the mile test Dancer's colt had had his first West Coast outing the previous week and he hadn't been impressive in winning by only half a length against ordinary competition

"It wasn't the colt's fault," said Johnny Barker, Super Bowl's groom "He hadn't had a race in nine days, and he's the kind of horse who has to work every day and race every week. He was sharp and he was real sound, hut he came up 80 yards short. I don't know what to tell you except I've got $200, and it's going on Super Bowl to win "

And no one was forgetting Une de Mai. She had won only one of eight races since coming over last summer, hut most of her defeats had come on the half-mile tracks in the East. The hig horse is made for sweeping turns and longer stretches, and she figured to do much better on Hollywood Park's magnificent mile strip.

"Everybody is talking about Dayan and Une de Mai," said Dancer "I'm more worried about Flower Child. That horse can trot Billy Myer said Dayan was acting funny, trying to run away with him the last couple of times out. I think the horse has gone crazy Most of the good ones do after a while They get so used to being out in front they can't race anyplace else. I'd have to say *Super Bowl is the meest fast horse* I've ever had He's no trouble at all "

In what is becoming a habit, Dancer drew the rail for Super Bowl. Flower Child, with Jim Dennis subhing for the injured Joe O'Brien, was in Post 3 Une de Mai, who likes to go outside, was in the six hole, with Dayan all the way outside.

"We've got that Luther Hanover next to us, and he could be a problem," said Kirstein "He's *a jumper* We've got to get out fast. They've got some horses in this race that couldn't win if everyhody else fell down I should have said something "

"Send Billy Myer over to protest," someone said.

Kirstein laughed "Silent Billy? The longest sentence I ever heard him say was, 'Eh ' "

Count de Montesson and a small party flew in from Paris for the race Their arrival was greeted with less than warmth by Kirstein, who believes the French Revolution fell a little short "He's a cold fish," growled Dayan's owner "He's royalty, and that stuff is dead, only he don't know it. The only royalty I know is a horse that can race under two minutes "

Ignoring Kirstein, the count made plans for a few days of celebrating in Las Vegas after the race "I'm going to lose all the money I win," said Une de Mai's trainer-driver, Jean-Rene Gougeon "I don't know this Super Bowl. I *have never seen him. On paper he sure*ly looks good. But Une de Mai looks very calm. That is good She will have a very good race "

In spite of the experts and flaunting tradition, the fans sent Super Bowl off as the 4-5 favorite. Among them was Rochester, Jack Benny's ex-all-round man, who said, "You can't pick against the Bowl."

As expected, Dayan came swooping *to challenge for the lead, but as they* came out of the turn Super Bowl was on top and everybody else fell into line "I was just teasing Billy," Dancer said later. Halfway through the backstretch Une de Mai made one small move, up on the outside from fifth place to fourth, but then the mare fell back a hit, and she was never heard from again.

When they passed the half-mile mark in 59⅘, Dancer figured he was in for an easy ride. All the mature horses were waiting for someone to challenge, hut none did Not until they straightened out in the stretch, when Flower Child came pounding from fourth place to chase Super Bowl to the wire, only to lose by three-quarters of a length Oppy, a 57-1 long shot, was third, followed by Dayan and then Une de Mai

"I guess Super Bowl is for real," said Jim Dennis. "He sure wasn't short tonight "

Super Bowl won in 1 57⅘, his 12th mile under two minutes this year, which is a record for all harness horses The winner's purse fattened his 1972 earnings to $439,211, which wiped out Nevele Pride's previous single-season record. The American Classic will be Super Bowl's last race before retiring to stud Albatross moves on to Hollywood Park for the $50,000 Western Pace Nov 24 and the $100,000 American Pacing Classic Dec. 1, and then *he* will be retired.

"Between them," said Dancer, "they will be just short of earning $1 million *by the time they finish this year.* That has to be some kind of a record With them gone, I don't know what I'll do next year. They are going to he an awfully tough act to follow. But, you know, I've got some darn nice yearlings down on the farm There's this one Nevele Pride colt. . . ." END



SUPER BOWL EASILY DEFEATED HIS PEERS IN THE CLASSIC YONKERS FUTURITY

A stream of fond memory

The mind's eye is crowded with the picture of a crisp day in the hills, of cool water and big trout. It may have to last a lifetime

There has to be something good about a world that can produce such a marvelous vest. All those flaps and ingeniously zippered compartments, pockets within pockets, brass hooks, eyes and rings glinting in the strong sunlight, not to mention the patch of lamb's wool stitched conveniently over the heart, drew from me a powerful surge of gratitude. I filled the pockets with boxes of flies and boxes of nymphs. A few Terrestrials went in, too, Jassids and Black Ants. A leader case came next, followed by clippers and two spools of 4X and 5X tippets, aerosol dry fly spray, polarized sunglasses, a bottle of insect repellent, a ham sandwich wrapped in cellophane, tobacco and matches. Amazingly enough, there was room for all of this and more. What a garment! When the vest was fully loaded, I slung a pair of waders over my shoulders, picked up my rod and with Wayne Kinser, president of the Asheville chapter of Trout Unlimited, started down the mountainside.

Much of the way we walked on the rear of our heels, pitched back against the sharp slope. The soft loamy ground was matted with old leaves and ferns, smelling of long years in the shade, a cool, damp aroma. Falling swiftly, the trail led us under pine trees, hemlocks, maples and poplars, all of them in full leaf. We passed through a small clearing occupied by a skeletal structure, a sort of lean-to without any sides or roof, which was furnished with a few benches and lopsided tables and what looked like an empty bookcase standing against the air, well ventilated, in one corner. After that the trail seemed less anxious to reach the bottom. While it still went down, it did so more gradually, and my sore legs welcomed the change. We spend so much of our lives on ground which machines have leveled for us that the day is coming when we will no longer have the necessary muscles to get around on rolling terrain, should there be any hills left by then. Our calves will have wasted away, like the mouths of certain insects whose lives are too brief to need them.

A stream joined us midway down the mountain, growing in size as it descended. We crossed it several times, meandering through rhododendron and flowering mountain laurel. We were headed for Slickrock Creek, a native-trout stream buried in a fold of the Great Smoky Mountains in North Carolina. Remoteness and inaccessibility had set Slickrock apart from the other streams in the region. Not many fishermen were willing to walk the three miles that separated it from the nearest road, especially since the same distance, all of it uphill, had to be covered again on the way out. Instead, they went to Santeetlah Creek, the Big and the Little Snowbird, the West Buffalo, all of which had roads built beside them and could be fished from a car if that is what a fisherman wanted to do.

Along with inaccessibility Slickrock has something else working for it. That is a watershed all its own. Over 10,000 acres drain into a narrow, deep valley with nearly vertical sides. Slickrock receives water from a network of streams such as the one which accompanied us down the mountain and carries it north through the woods, through gorges, over fallen trees, over ledges, between boulders, between the roots of rhododendron and eventually, after a journey of seven or eight miles, into Calderwood Lake on the Little Tennessee River. Not one road had been crossed on the way, not one house passed. Water pure enough to drink when it fell from the sky, bursting from a black thunderhead, could still be drunk when it reached Calderwood Lake. Wonder of wonders!

In fact, drink was the first thing we did when we got to Slickrock, greedily gulping down foaming white water as it gushed between two moss-covered rocks. An icy, mellow taste. Sunshine and rain dripping from hemlocks. A water spider skating into the shade.

"Drink all you can hold," Wayne said. "It may not be that way for long."

I knew what he was referring to, but didn't want to think about it, not now, although the thought had been hanging

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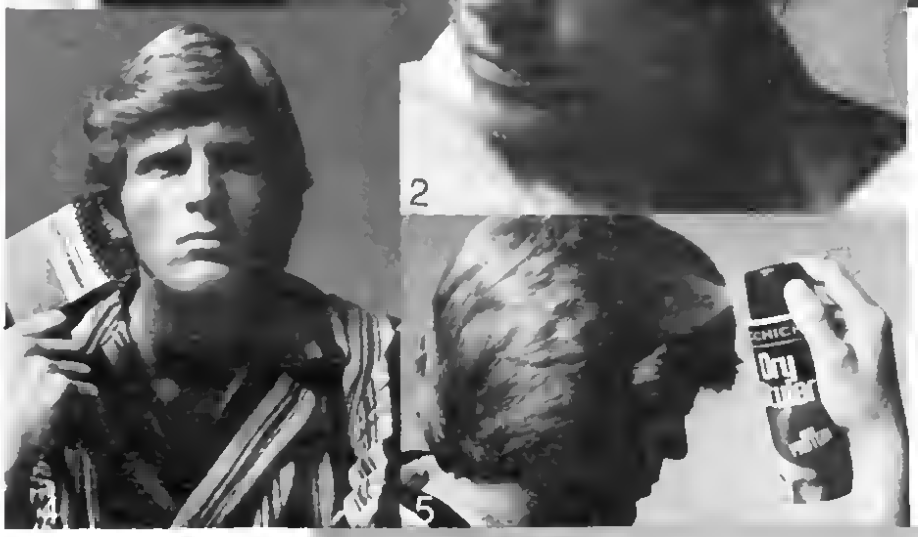


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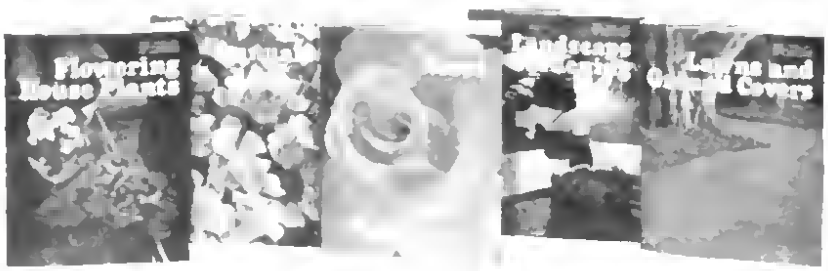


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at the back of my mind all morning the threat of an approaching disaster. "Look close," it kept whispering to me as we were coming down the mountain. "Take it all in. A memory may be all that is left of Slickrock in a few years."

Wayne went off to fish downstream. I dug into my stuffed vest and found a leader with a 4X tippet and tied a fly to it designed after caddis larvae. I learned as a boy, don't ask me how, that trout were fond of the small doughy lumps I used to find in stone and twig cases fastened to the underside of submerged rocks. With fingers numbed by the cold water I would break open these cleverly designed houses, from which eventually pupae would emerge, place the larvae on the end of my hook and send it off on the rippling current, hoping it would encounter a rainbow during the course of its brief voyage. My knowledge of aquatic insects has advanced little since those days, but fortunately the flytier's has soared. His imitation was much better than anything I remembered.

I fished upstream, casting from the middle of the creek to avoid the branches. The water was radiant, as though it drew light from some underground source as well as from the sun. A thick, green moss covered the rocks. The current carried my fly over ledges and into brimming pools cupped out of the gravel. Caught briefly under the falls, it swung back and forth, pulled one way by the leader, another by the current. Freeing itself at last, it floated the length of the pool, bouncing along the bottom, and exited through a small gap a short distance from where I was standing with my rod raised to keep the slack out of the line.

My first trout—a small brown—came from such a pool as this. The fish rushed out from under a rock and snatched the fly drifting past. It was too small to offer any resistance, although with its jumps and miniature runs it showed what it would be able to do one of these days. Its beauty, however, had fully matured, and I had the pleasure of admiring that a rich golden brown splashed with rose and black spots—before returning it to the stream, where it found a passage through the rocks and vanished in the riffles.

I was so accustomed to stocked trout with dollar signs on them that it was difficult for me to grasp the significance of

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trout born in the wilds. Right here in this very pool, perhaps, a female trout had scooped a nest out of the gravel and laid her eggs. She had built that nest so that the current would hold the eggs in place until they hatched the following spring, and once they had hatched, the fingerlings would feed on insects born here, too, growing until it was their time to spawn. Stories of stock trout trying to find the barrel from which they had been poured into the stream have never amused me. Fortunately, that would never happen to the fish I had caught when the time for its spawning run arrived.

"Ah, but how much longer will that be the case?" Here was that voice again, the one I heard while coming down the mountain. I let it have its say while I ate my lunch on a boulder in the middle of the stream.

The U.S. Forest Service has aimed a road at Slickrock. In 1964 Congress authorized a scenic highway connecting Robbinsville, N.C., and Tellico Plains, Tenn. Part of the highway has already been built. It runs west from Robbinsville, takes a northerly bend along one side of Santeetlah Lake and ends (for the time being) east of Joyce Kilmer Memorial Forest, a piece of original America preserved in 1936 as a tribute to the *Trees* poet. Only God can make a tree, but His way of going about it takes too long for the lumber companies, so they want to get at some of the trees whose hungry mouths are pressed against the Slickrock watershed. One of the routes proposed for the "scenic highway," another one of which this country needs about the way it needs another scenic filling station, will allow them to do just that.

The people of Robbinsville and Graham County, a depressed area in which Slickrock is located, don't particularly care which way the road goes so long as it finds a rainbow of tourists at the end. Robbinsville has been hard hit by the closing recently of a carpet mill, and like the rest of the nation tends to look upon roads as avenues of hope. Whenever in doubt, build a road.

If the lumber companies have their way, the road will follow one of two routes proposed by federal and state agencies. The first would go through the Joyce Kilmer Memorial Forest and the second into the Slickrock watershed. Conservationists are trying to keep the

continued

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road out by having both tracts placed under the National Wilderness Preservation Act. If they fail, bulldozers will lay open a ridge above Slickrock, clearings will be gouged out of the forest, and silt by the ton will go tumbling down the mountainside. Goodby, sweet water; farewell, native trout.

It reminds me of something once said and now famous on my uncle's farm: "We'll soon have the whole place in roads!"

During lunch I was joined on the boulder by a number of butterflies—blue wings with red bars, whatever that variety is. Some of them stayed on after I left. A heavily shaded pool lay ahead, dry-fly water. I switched from a nymph to a small hair-body Irresistible and waded up the stream making as little noise as possible.

The sound of gravel softly crunching underfoot was music to my ears. It is not until you wade a stream like Slickrock that you begin to see what has happened to other trout streams in this country. We have gotten so used to silt that we accept it. The previous day I had fished Santeetlah Creek. Santeetlah is a beautiful stream. So are most mountain streams beautiful from a distance. But compared to Slickrock, which it must have resembled once upon a time, before a road was rammed down its throat, it is a Sahara of silt. When I waded it, the unsightly stuff billowed up around my boots and floated off down the stream in great clouds. Not so here. The water behind me looked as clear as it did in front.

Before reaching the pool I got down on my knees—hail, Pharaoh!—and began to crawl. In time I reached a rock and peered over the edge. The water entered the pool over a number of small cascades and appeared to be four or five feet deep against the far bank, growing shallower as it spread out in my direction and growing wider. The bank was undercut and covered with moss. Only a few splinters of sunlight made it through the heavy foliage, and insects floated among them like motes of dust. Although there were signs of movement in the water at the head of the pool, elsewhere the surface was glassy calm and so clear that at my feet I could make out individual grains of sand rolling across the bottom.

I couldn't see any fish. I put on my polarized glasses, thinking they might improve the visibility, but they only made it worse, and I took them off again. All one side of the pool, from the head to the beginning of the riffles, was in deep shade. I didn't want to make a blind cast. The fly just might drop on top of a fish I hadn't seen and scare it. After all, it wasn't every day in my life that I had such a pool as this to fish. When had the last person been there? Last week? Last year? There were no sardine cans in sight, no crushed Marlboro boxes, no broken shoestrings or Alpine hatbands. Could it be that I was the only person who had ever fished this pool? Absurd? Of course it was absurd. However, I didn't want to take any chances, so I waited on my knees and watched.

Ten, 15 minutes passed. There was a rock under my left knee that an Indian could have used for an arrowhead, but also there was a shadow in the middle of the pool, a shadow darker than shade, and it was moving. Two shadows, two fish, two brown trout, two large brown trout. One of them rose to the surface and nibbled at something. The other grazed along the bottom. Why the sound of my heart didn't drive them away in panic I'll never know. The racket was deafening. Any moment my eardrums would break wide open. Let me get this cast off before that happens, please! Then my ears can do anything they want to do.

I have made worse casts. The fly tipped a branch behind me, and there was a horrible moment when I thought it was carrying a piece of lead on the end of the hook, but that turned out not to be the case. The fly dropped upstream of the fish five or six feet. I picked as much line off the water as I could from my kneeling position and let the fly bob along unattended in the slow current. It passed over one fish, over the second. Both of them followed it a couple of hundred miles. I don't know. It could have been thousands. Then one of the fish swam ahead of the other, a swift, greedy maneuver, and took the fly into its mouth.

I raised the rod, getting to my feet, and when the fish jumped it took with it all the line I had stripped from the reel. It ran up to the head of the pool. Following it, I was dimly aware that one leg was not keeping pace with the other. It wanted to lag behind. Why this was so I didn't realize until later, when I discovered that the rock under my knee had gashed a hole in my waders, letting in about 10 gallons. What happened from this point on is something of a blur, as all bouts with fish generally are. Reconstructing them is impossible without the aid of a neutral observer. There were more jumps and a number of deep, surging runs, but eventually the fish wore itself out and lay on its side in the shallows.

Now comes a shameful admission. When I leaned over to take the fly out of the trout's mouth, the leader caught in the teeth of a zipper on my marvelous vest and popped. A moment later the fish found the strength for one more jump. I made a wild stab but missed. And the fish swam off trailing several feet of leader.

I hadn't the heart nor the breath, as we were climbing back up the mountain, to tell Wayne all the details of my misadventure. He had caught several fish and kept one of them. I hooked one good fish, I told him, but lost it.

"Too bad," he said.

Whippoorwills were booming in the hollows. On the way we fell in with a man in overalls who carried a fly rod and wore tennis shoes and had a canvas bag slung over his shoulders. He had lived in these mountains all his life, he said. Farmed. Used to do a little timbering when he was younger. Raised a few cattle, a few pigs. Still liked to come to Slickrock once or twice a month, as pretty a place as he knew of anywhere, though he reckoned he wasn't going to be able to do it much longer. Arthritis.

"My old legs'll be stiff as two boards in the morning." His infirmity amused him, and he grinned through a gray stubble of beard.

We stopped to rest on a log. I had the feeling he would have continued on his way, but, not wanting to embarrass us, he sat down with us while we caught our breath.

What did he think of the road they were talking about putting in to Slickrock? That would be the answer to his arthritis. If there was a road, he could drive his car down to the bottom, and when he got tired of fishing, he could drive it back out again.

He guessed that was so, he said, but if there was a road he reckoned he wouldn't want to go to Slickrock anymore.

"You fellows rested? Let's get on up the hill." END

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PROS

The fierce mutterings on the field ond olong the sidelines are lost in the wind ond the crescendo of crowds. But topes of players in combot reveal the horsh violence of footboll **by George Plimpton**



CONTINUED

I confess to being an eavesdropper at heart. I despair not knowing what is being said just beyond my hearing—what it is that has produced a roar of laughter in the far corner of a cocktail party. At sports events I find myself feeling the same way—in baseball wondering what is being said in the conference on the pitcher's mound, or in football what the coach is whispering to the quarterback on the sidelines. Football is a particular frustration, since so much of the game is verbal—voice signals, both offense and defense huddling to talk things over, spotters and assistants outfitted in the paraphernalia of communication, microphones and headsets, hurried conferences at critical moments, and then, finally, the exchanges that must erupt between men in close quarters under violent stress—all of which, to the despair of the football fan, goes on out of earshot.

In the hope of providing this sort of intimacy for the viewers of the film *Paper Lion*, the producers tried to see what they could get by wiring up some of the players. For one game—a bleak mid-December meeting between the Detroit Lions and the New York Giants in Yankee Stadium—microphones were attached to John Gordy and Alex Karras, and from time to time the tape machines were turned on to eavesdrop on them. The tapes were later transcribed by a pair of embarrassed secretaries—the language (edited here) is constantly blue and violent—and turned out to be useless for the film, but interesting nonetheless. The film producers were kind enough to send the material around for me to look at and listen to.

The fidelity of the tapes is extraordinary—recording not only the immediate sounds of the two players' voices, but also the quarterback's commands, the defensive signals, the constant warnings from the officials ("Linemen, keep your hands in!"), smatterings of conversation on the bench, and then the thumping sounds of the plays themselves—the grunts, the crash of padding, the sharp, near-expiring gasps of players smacked hard to the ground, along with an occasional word of comment between the combatants.

In the background the roar of the crowd, varying in its intensity, provides a strong clue to what is happening on the field, further illuminated by the public-address system over which the Stadium announcer's voice, shredded slightly by the wind, intones, "Tarkenton's pass . . . complete to Crespino . . . brought down . . . by LeBeau . . . first and 10 . . . on the 43." It is easy, listening to the tapes, to conjure up a picture of the proceedings.

Also in the background, providing a wrench of authenticity, are the occasional jangled and tinny strains of a banjo-dominated musical group known as "Your Father's Mustache." The Christmas season was almost at hand, so that on the tapes one hears the startling contrast of *Jingle Bells* and other such carols plinking over the brutal yawp and heave of the action on the field. By some mysterious and perverse edict, Your Father's Mustache—a small collection of portly musicians housed in a little green shelter down at the bleacher end of the field—has been playing at the Stadium for years. I suspect that if a change were made, if their plinkety-plinks were supplanted by more traditional band music—trumpets, trombones and a bass drum—a great outcry from the traditionalists would go up and they would come to the support of Your Father's Mustache with all the zeal of a dowager dog owner defending the character of her ancient mongrel.

That is an odd corner of Yankee Stadium down there—the bleachers with their raucous citizenry (invariably fistfights break out), the Mustache group playing in front of the bleacher wall, and then, in front of them, down on the field, long lines of patients in wheelchairs, who are trundled in by attendants at the beginning of the game to watch from beyond one corner of the end zone, the worst vantage point in the Stadium, and then, invariably, just at the beginning of the fourth quarter, whatever the situation in the game, are wheeled out. They seem to go without complaining, with rarely a head turned to watch as they are wheeled away, or a cane raised in protest. Perhaps they consider it a relief to get away from the loud sounds of bleacher strife and Your Father's Mustache ragtime assaulting them from across the backs of their wheelchairs.

When I told Karras I had the tapes, he said that he doubted they'd be of very much use. He said that he rarely talked to the linemen opposite him. He remembers his private wars with Jerry Kramer, the offensive guard of the Green Bay Packers, as being absolutely silent struggles. He recalls only one instance when they had words—an odd occasion when the left side of Karras' helmet nose



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID NOYES

guard, or "cage," as the players refer to it, came loose and somehow, as the two of them bulled at each other, hooked into Kramer's cage, so that the two helmets were stuck fast, the players jammed up against each other, their faces inches apart, with neither able to pull himself loose.

"It was weird," Karras told me. "Connected the way we were, we must have looked like a terrible snakelike animal, two-footed at each end, a sort of big inchworm writhing about."

"And you had words during this?" I asked.

"Damn right," he said. "Kramer kept shouting, 'What the hell are you doing?' I guess he thought I'd hooked up to him on purpose. He looked a little scared. I mean we were really stuck." Finally, Karras was able to disengage himself by skinning out of his helmet, and he backed off, leaving it hanging on Kramer's guard like a huge morsel dangling from his jaws.

"Yeah, he talked that time," Karras said. "He still thinks it was a sly maneuver I'd cooked up to intimidate him."

"So other than in a rare case like that," I said, "offensive guards keep their mouths shut?"

"My brother Teddy played offensive guard," Karras answered, "and he once told me that he never said anything to the guys opposite because generally they were twice as big, being defensive tackles, and twice as strong. 'Why should I say anything? They'd kill me,' he said. One time, when he was with the Chicago Bears, he was playing against Big Daddy Lipscomb, who was with Pittsburgh then. Big Daddy was one person it was good to talk to, because maybe you could tone him down a bit if you said, 'Hi, Big Daddy, how are you today?' and friendly stuff like that. So Teddy was trying it. 'How's the family, Big Daddy?' he'd ask, and in the meantime Big Daddy was just kicking hell out of him, and Teddy'd say, 'Oh that was good, Big Daddy. I've never seen such moves. Gee, you're good.'

"Finally, on this one play, Big Daddy went offside and just killed Teddy who was still down in his stance. He hit him alongside the head so hard, WHOP! that Teddy thought he had forgotten to put on his helmet. He went back to his huddle and asked, 'Where's my helmet?' His teammates looked at him and they said, 'It's on your head, man.' So on the next play Teddy lost his temper, and when Big Daddy came at him Teddy hit him alongside the head with the right hand as hard as he could. It didn't even budge Big Daddy. But he must have felt it, because he said, 'I'm going to get you.' Teddy said, 'Anytime you want to fight me, Big Daddy, I'm ready. Anytime!' After he said that, he felt like slapping himself in the face. It was as if he were listening to somebody else talk. Big Daddy looked at him, leaning in to be sure he'd heard right, and he said, 'Well, I'll see about that, boy.' Teddy heard himself replying, and he couldn't believe the words coming from his lips. He was saying, 'Don't call me "boy." I'm Karras!'

"Well, in the hotel after the game Teddy was going down to the lobby from his room. He was wearing his team blazer. He was alone in the elevator. At the 10th floor the elevator stopped, the doors opened, and standing there was Big Daddy. Teddy saw him. He turned and faced the corner of the elevator like a dunce in a schoolroom. The elevator gave this big creak when Big Daddy stepped into it. He's huge! Big Daddy said, 'How you doin', boy?' Teddy said, 'Fine, Big Daddy. How's the family?' He could hear Big Daddy breathing—high up back of his head. The elevator started down. Teddy couldn't believe how slowly the elevator was moving, especially with all that weight of Big Daddy in it. Big Daddy made him sweat for nine floors. Then, just as the elevator got to the lobby, Big Daddy said in his deep voice, 'I know that's you, Karras.' Teddy just about went to his knees, he was so frightened, but then Big Daddy started to laugh, and so did Teddy, a real high-pitched laugh of relief, and it was all right."

John Gordy was not sure about the value of the tapes either, about what could be gained by wiring up players. He remembered a scientist had come to Los Angeles for a Pro Bowl game. He was doing a serious paper on what he called "impact structure"—a study of the kinetic violence of football, how hard players hit each other. He decided that the middle linebacker probably dished out and took more punishment than anyone else. So Joe Schmidt, then an All-Pro at the position, was persuaded to play the game rigged up with a number of measuring devices. The trouble was (according to Gordy) that Schmidt had a ter-

continued



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way to see the U.S.A. Chevrolet



rible game, or perhaps opportunities to make primary tackles were rare that day. But Schmidt did not make one solid tackle and, when the tapes were transcribed on graph paper, much like a seismograph chart, hardly a wiggle showed up to suggest the concussive nature of football. "The scientist read his charts," Gordy said, "and as far as he could tell from them ballet was just as full of contact as football."

Of the two tapes the movie producers sent me, the Karras transcript is the more extensive. Gordy keeps his mind largely on the business at hand, while Karras takes a freewheeling approach. True, much of the verbiage is directed at himself. "Stay tough" is a constant personal goad. Still, there are certain outside catalytic forces that command comment—European placekickers, for example. Karras is roused to a wild, half-serious frenzy by the increase in their numbers in football. He refers to these players as "tiny foreign soccer kickers" who prance onto the field in their spotless uniforms shouting, "I am going to keek a touchdown." On the tapes the first words Karras shouts at any member of the Giant team are directed at Pete Gogolak, the Hungarian-born placekicker, who appears for a field-goal attempt early in the game, and the monologue is not without bite. The quarterbacks (in this case Fran Tarkenton of the Giants and, later in the game, Earl Morrall) are targets for Karras' verbal comments, and there is abuse for opposing linemen unfortunate enough to have been raised in the South. Karras feels that Southerners can be intimidated by verbal attacks, being overly sensitive to such things.

The Lions won this game rather handily, scoring three touchdowns in the first half, and thereafter were never seriously threatened. They received the opening kickoff and then, presaging things to come, Mel Farr carried nine yards on the first play, and the team went on from there to score. Karras spent this first offensive drive on the sidelines, of course, and much of the early section of the tape, since he does not see at all well, consists of his asking such questions as: "What's going on?" "What was that?" "Did he pick up any yards?" "Who's that?" "What down is it?" "Was that Amos Marsh who ran the ball?"

continued

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At one point Karras stumbles into a fellow player on the sidelines who accidentally steps on his foot. There is a sharp cry and Karras' voice says, "Oh Christ, my foot's gone, and I haven't even been on the field yet."

"You all right?" a voice asks.

"Yeah, yeah."

In the background, another voice says, "Alex, they ought to give you a white cane so you can tap your way up and down the sidelines."

The Lions then kicked off, and the tape picks up the creak of Karras' gear as he trots onto the field.

Karras: (*The steady roar of the crowd in the background. Over it, the voice of Middle Linebacker Mike Lucci calling defensive signals:* "*Four three blitz, blue!*" *The defensive team breaks its huddle with a crack of hand slaps*) Come on. Come on. Start it good. Fix 'em. (*Concussion of play, heavy breathing*) Jeez! Again! My foot's smashed again! Oh my! First play and my foot's smashed. I'm 123 years old. Keep moving. Keep moving. (*Lucci's voice calling next play:* "*Four three, blue*") Play tough. Let's go, fellows. (*To himself*) Killer, here we go. (*Concussion of play; grunts*) Beautiful! Beautiful! Good position. Yum yum. Who ran that ball? Young rook? (*Lucci's voice:* "*Four three, blue*") Once more. Yeah. (*Exhilarated*) Come on inside here, baby. (*Crash of gear, heavy breathing*) O.K., O.K.! Nice. Nice. That was beautiful. He tried to come out and he had to go back in. (*Faint voice in background:* "*Yeah, yeah, I know.*" *Stadium announcer:* "*Gogolak for field goal attempt*") Now who are you? I said who are you? You from Rumania? Latvia? No? Well, then, are you from Finland? You lending class to the league? From England? That's why you're in here? Lending class? (*Concussion of play, heavy breathing. Stadium announcer's voice:* "*Gogolak's attempt fails. Detroit's ball on the Lion 20*") Hey! Unscrew your foot and stick it down your throat, you little Slovakian. Jeez! (*Gear creaks as he trots to bench. In background tinny band plays* "*Jingle Bells*") Nice going. We're going to get some points. (*Cheering the offense*) Run, Melvin [Mel Farr, Detroit running back], run, baby, run. Beautiful! Man, look at that offense move! Mel Farr's a sweetheart. He'll go a thousand yards this year. Man, it's raining touchdowns. I can't believe it. Who scored that touchdown? (*Shouts:* "*Kick-off team get ready*")

(*Back on defense. Lucci's voice:* "*Four three red*") O.K., killer, stay tough. Here we go. (*Concussion of play; heavy breathing*) You stomped my foot. You took care of my toes! Jeez! (*To Lucci, hurt on play*) Hang in, Looch. Get up, Looch. Hey, Looch! Hey, listen Johnny [John McCambridge, playing defensive end alongside]: Looch is staying in, but he's hurting. I'm gonna play a little tight there, right? (*Lucci's voice in huddle:* "*Four four; blue*") Right. (*To himself*) O.K., killer, here we go. (*Referee's voice:* "*Watch your feet; watch your feet!*") Yeah, yeah, yeah. (*Another play; heavy panting*) I shoulda had him. Jeez! I shoulda had him. Jeez! (*On next play Karras tackles the Giant quarterback*) D'ja like that, Fran? Hey, Fran, d'ja like that? Hey, Fran? Hey, Fran? Hey, Fran, what ya think? (*Announcer's voice in distance:* "*. . . tackled by Karras*") Oh yes. Oh my yes.

(*Sitting on bench*) Sweet. Sweet. It's like a bunch of bees out there. Really swarming. No fun being a halfback today. Gang tackling. Real bunch of bees. C'mon. C'mon. Lace them out there! Lay it on them! (*Band is playing* "*Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*" *in background*) Run, baby, run. I'm going to tell you something right now: it's nice. It's nice sitting here in New York on a wood bench in the sun with your team doing fine. (*Unidentified voice:* "*Man, I got a good bunch of Tarkenton that time. How's your man coming?*") He comes strong. They were right during the week with those scouting reports. Dess [Darrell Dess, the Giant offensive guard] uses that forearm. He's good. He's rough to get by. They got anybody to come in for him? Some kid from Tennessee? (*Crowd noise rises*) What was that! Horrible!

(*Back out on defense. Lucci's voice:* "*Four four blitz, red.*" *Referee's voice:* "*Watch your feet!*") Stay tough. Yum yum. (*Crash of play*) Double twist! Great! Great! (*Calling to one of the linebackers*) Good position, baby. Beautiful! (*Unidentified voice:* "*O.K. Let's keep 'em back in the toolhouse*") Hey, Jer [Jerry Rush, the tackle playing alongside], Jer, there's a little trap on me. (*On next play Karras reaches Tarkenton again*) Hiya, Fran. Howdeedodee, Fran. Hey, Fran, you like it out here? Hey, Fran. Hey, Fran, baby. Nice. Nice. (*Lucci's voice:* "*Four three blitz, blue*") Double twist! (*Lucci yelling:* "*Open right! Open! Open!*") Hold him up! Get that guy! (*Loud applause and yelling, distant yell*) What happened? What the hell happened? What's going on? Hold him up for Chrissakes! (*Snorts violently. Calms down*) Come on, boys. One more play. (*Play called in huddle*) I screwed up on that, Jer. Shoulda had him. Give me room and keep outside this time. I'm going to play him a little tight. Come on, Jer. (*Concussion of play, thudding, heavy panting*) Nice, nice. Yes. Yes. (*On way to bench, announcer's voice:* "*. . . brought down by Karras*") Allll ri-ight. Right at me. Way to go, Paul [Paul Naumoff, the outside linebacker]. Yum yum. (*On Bench*) Real sweet out there. Isn't it the quarter yet? Run, baby! (*Urging on the offense*) Beautiful! Get some points. Jeez! (*Tries to clear throat*) I got this upper respiratory problem. I got a headache I wouldn't wish on Khrushchev. Killing me. Just killing me. What down is it? Third? Third and what? (*Announcer's voice, with slight Continental inflection:* "*. . . carried by Farr*") D'ja hear that? (*In heavy British accent*) "*. . . bawl kerried by Melvin Fah of England.*" That's what I like. A lot of class in NFL football! Carrying British stadium announcers. Quite! Splendid! What the hell is wrong with Amos [Amos Marsh, Detroit fullback]. Tired? I wish I could get tired anytime I felt like it, walk off like that and sit down. Put him back in. Get the force out there. Damn. No more scrambling, gang. Let's lay it on them. Block that man! (*Ragtime band in background:* "*You've got the sweetest little baby face*") Keep it up. Oh my. That's lousy. That's horrible! (*Announcer's voice:* "*. . . tackled by Lockhart*") One foot. One little foot. That's all they had to make. A foot. You know how big a foot is. (*Announcer's voice:* "*Fourth and one*") Twelve inches. Couldn't make twelve little inches, so I've got to go to the pressure cooker. (*Karras runs back onto field*) The pressure cooker. Jeez! (*Announcer's voice:* "*That's the end of the quarter*") Hey, you hear that announcer from England. "Quatah! Quatah! What class! (*Lucci calls defensive play*) Hello (*to new Giant guard*). Who

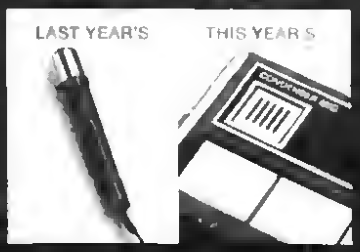
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are you? I'm 123 years old. Y'all from Tennessee? You one of them cotton-pickin' hillbillies? Well, I do de-clare. What's a li'l ol' Southern boy like you doin' out here in this mess? (*Line judge calling:* "*Offensive linemen, keep those hands in. I'm going to call it on you. That's a warning.*" *Concussion of play: Karras gets to Tarkenton*) Hi ho, Fran. What are you doing on the floor? (*Announcer's voice:* ". . . *brought down by Karras*") Hey, Fran? That's some li'l ol' Southern boy you got yourself for pass protection—mah goodness. (*Lucci calls play:* "*Four three blitz, blue*") Hello. Hello. You still in here? Goodness. What you breathin' so hard fo', li'l boy? (*Concussion of play: heavy panting*) What's that for? Ref! What you throwing down that flag for? Wait a minute! (*Yelling*) He was on the ground already! Holding face mask? Oh that's horrible, ref, that's a horrible call. He was on the ground. The play was over! (*Players arguing*) Shut up! I'll talk. Shut up for a minute. I'm the captain. I'll talk. Don't tell me not to talk. (*Voices calm Karras down, one says,* "*I'm with you, Alex*") O.K., then. (*Calmer*) O.K. O.K. (*Lucci calls defensive huddle together:* "*Four three blitz, blue*") O.K., Jer. Let's get them. (*Crash of contact*) You held me! You held me! You hold me again and I'll punch your hillbilly head off. Get off me! (*Next play, crash of gear*) Nice. Nice. Come to me. That's it . . . go to your knees! (*Announcer's voice:* "*Fourth down.*" *Lucci's voice:* "*Double twist. Special set.*" *On the way to the line Karras and Jerry Rush hold whispered conversation regarding which of them will be the primary attacker in the looping maneuver by the two tackles*).

"Me first?"

"Sure, you."

"You?"

"No, you."

"No, you go ahead."

"Quit kidding, Al. You go."

"O.K., man."

(*Signals called. Crash of play*) Man, you hillbillies can't block worth . . . hey . . . hey! He's clipping, hey ref! (*Whistle*) Damn right. Give 'em five yards. Five more. That's right. Five more. Hey, hillbilly, you're doing your team real good in there. A fifteen-yarder. Yum yum. (*Lucci's voice:* "*Safety blitz*") Jerry, your man is pop blocking, isn't he? (*Muffled reply. Unidentified voice:* "*It's what? It's what?*") Safety blitz. Safety blitz. (*Crash of play. Whistles. Referee's voice:* "*Get your hands off him, number 71. You're hitting him late. That's a warning, number 71*") Jeez! (*To himself*) Must have heard that a billion times. "Get your hands off him." "Don't spear him." "You're hitting him late." "That's a warning." Damn quarterbacks. What are we supposed to do—stand around and gawk at them. (*Lucci's voice:* "*Double twist. Special set. Reverse.*" *Crash of play: grunts*) Hey, Mike! [Lucci] Did you call the twist? Yeah? Well, I didn't twist. No, I didn't hear. That's my fault. (*Back on bench*) No, coach, I didn't hear. But I'm glad I didn't twist. I got him. He came right to me. (*Announcer's voice:* "*Farr carried the ball, tackled by Lockhart.*" *Players begin yelling along the bench*) Flag's down. Damn right. Cheap shot. Give them 15 yards. If I did that, they'd give me 25. They'd throw me out of the park. Hey, water. Let's have some water up here! (*Drinks, spits, announcer's voice:* "*Two-minute warning*") That's good. The soup is getting cold. (*Band begins playing* "*I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover.*" *To show discontent with Giant Head Coach Allie Sherman, crowd is beginning to sing,* "*Good-bye, Allie,*" *to the tune of* "*Goodnight, Ladies.*" *The crowd drowns out the band, though the plinkety-plunk of the banjo section is discernible*) Man, they can boo here too, can't they? Listen to them. The great American fickle fans. Hey, Carl [Carl Brettschneider, an assistant coach]. The Giant team is second in its division, isn't it? Six wins, six losses and they're second in their division! Tough, these Eastern teams, whooo-eee.

(*Back on defense. Lucci in huddle:* "*Double twist, outside double*") Yeah, yeah. O.K. Play it tough in the middle. (*Concussion of play, grunts*) That's a wham, baby (*breathing hard*). That's a wham on me. They really came down on me. But it's O.K. That's the way to hold up. Hustle all the time. (*Lucci in huddle:* "*Double twist: special set*") O.K. The soup's getting cold. Time for the big reach. (*Concussion of play, Karras reaches quarterback*) "Howdy, Fran. Why it's not Fran. Who've I got here? Earl? That you? Earl Morrall. Well. Damn. How sweet it is."

(*Gun goes off, ending game. Karras trots to bench. Unidentified Lion says,* "*Hey, Alex. You still wired up?*")

"Huh?"

"You still got a microphone on?"

"Yeah."

"Well, can I tell you something?"

"Yeah. Go ahead."

"Yeah? Where do I speak? I mean I want them to hear this."

"Right here. You speak right into my chest."

"O.K., Alex. I wanted to say what a shame it is, being wired up and all, that today, of all days, you had to have the worst afternoon of your career. I mean, man, you stunk!"

The laughter goes up, and on the tape the listener can hear the creak of Karras' shoulder pads as he takes a retaliatory cuff at his persecutor. The voices of the autograph hunters take over. "Hey, Alex, would you sign this 'To Tracy.' And maybe put 'A swell guy' after it. Right here on this napkin."

The Gordy tape is substantially the same—the exhortations, the panting, the violent shifts of mood—though Gordy coughs more, and spends most of his time on the bench trying to clear his throat and nostrils. He says far less on the field than Karras, presumably because his work, leading the interference, leaves him spent at the end of each play, so that he gasps out his sentences as if trying to speak while being garroted. His accent becomes far more Southern than it is in usual conversation, and his grammar collapses somewhat. At one point, suddenly aware that the microphone had picked up the ungrammatical entreaty to the defensive unit, "Hey, Big D. Don't give them nothing," he lowered his voice abruptly and said, "I wonder if I could correct that. Man, that's bad English. Please substitute 'Please, don't give them anything!' "

Gordy: (*On sidelines*) Hey, Karl [Karl Sweetan, the Lion quarterback]! They're stunting off that four-four. Anything in the four or five hole is no good. Is there any water? Water! (*He retches and vomits*) Jeez! (*To himself*) How come I got to throw up during the game? Happens every damn time. Hey, are they going to try a field goal? (*Frantically*) Hey, Jimmy [Jim David, a Lion coach]! It's going to be a fake. Honest to God. This guy I was out with the other night said that they had practiced the fake field

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goal all week. Honest to God! (*Stadium announcer's voice: "Gagalek's attempt fails. Detroit's ball on the Lion 20." Creak of gear as Gordy runs onto field for offensive series.*) O.K. Four good downs here. Let's go. (*Sweetan's voice calling plays in huddle: "Oppo str right 34 on two." Hands clap sharply as the huddle breaks. Line judge's voice: "Keep your hands in. Last warning." Sweetan's voice at the line of scrimmage: "Four. Set. One-nine-A. Hut! Hut!" Crash of play. Tremendous grunts from Gordy. Referee's whistle. Gordy spits.*) Damn! Where was the middle linebacker on that? What the hell. You got to take the guy in the gap. Come on, Ed [Ed Flanagan, the Detroit center]! Get him inside, hey? O.K. Let's get a good play. Let's get some blocks. (*Following next play.*) Hey Chuck [Chuck Walton, Detroit's offensive tackle]! What was that? A four-four? Want me to take the guy in the gap? Call me a signal, because he can keep you from getting out. Or I'll call "George." Then you can step out. If you call the signal, say "left" or "right" in case I forget which direction I'm supposed to go. (*In huddle.*) O.K., babies, let's go. (*Concussion of play. Sharp, staccato grunts from Gordy as he runs. Crash of his block.*) Damn. Get off my hand. You stepped on my hand. Oh, you broke my hand! (*Heavy swearing.*) My fingers are all gone. My hand's broke. (*Unidentified voice: "Shake it off, Bear."*) Did you see what that guy did? He went and stomped on my hand. (*His voice rubs.*) What did he want to do that for? (*Ragtime band in background: "Hello, Dolly!" Sweetan calls end sweep in the huddle. Tremendous grunts from Gordy as play commences and he pulls to run interference. Huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh huh . . . then the crunk of gear as he throws his block.*) Nowhere! Jeez! I should have had the guy. Hey, Amos, I thought I had him. I blew it — I blew it — if I had a little more in me I would have had him, but I didn't . . . my fault. (*Blows his nose. Sweetan calls a pass play in huddle. Concussion of play.*) No. No. Please no. . . . Please! (*Giant interception. Great roar from crowd as New York takes over.*)

There is one violently poignant moment on the Gordy tapes. Following a running play, in which Mel Farr's signal to carry the ball is called, a sudden sharp scream erupts over the crash of padding and the heavy grunts of the players. Gordy's voice cries out:

"Mel, what's wrong, Mel! What's *wrong!*" — a voice so tragic with concern that, listening to the tapes, one conjures up a quick image of a crippled running back lying askew on the field with Gordy standing over him in despair. In the background Farr's voice is barely understandable, but it is reassuring. He is all right. Gordy's reaction is startling: his voice shifts abruptly from anguish to rage. "Don't you be yelling like that. Don't you ever yell like that. Don't you ever scare me like that, you bastard!" The temper of his voice then shifts once again — as in his relief he suddenly sounds close to tears — "Mel, baby. Please don't scare me. Don't ever scare me. What am I going to do without you out here, baby?"

Farr's reply is audible. Startled by Gordy's outburst, and the sweep of its emotion, he says in a high, almost querulous tone, "Damn, John, I don't know. I don't know."

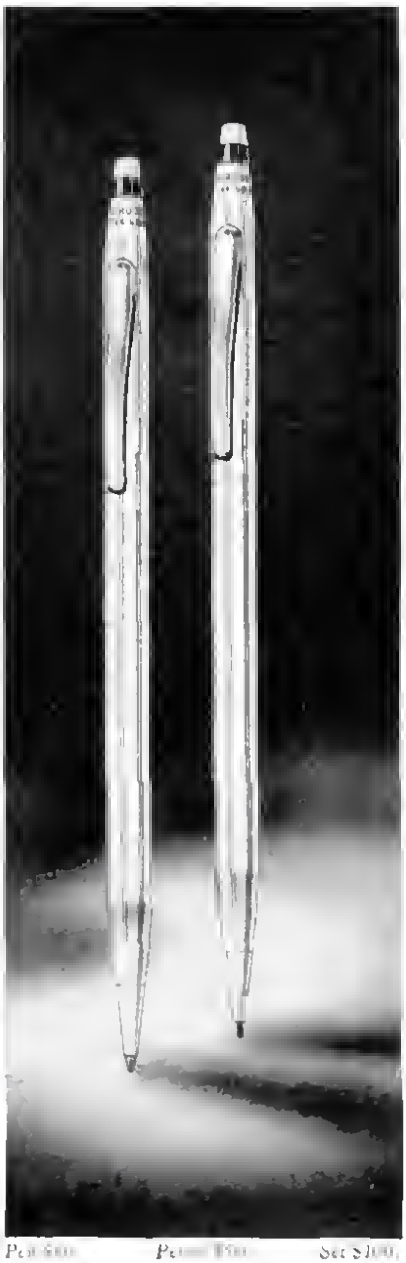
Both Karras and Gordy came around to my New York apartment to hear the tapes played back. The effect on them was quite different. Karras was still in football at the time. So the sounds—that shredded roar of the crowd, the little tinny music in the background, the whistles, the thuds, the signal-calling—were as uninteresting to him as a phonograph record of barnyard noises might be to a farmer. So he stood at the window and watched the big tankers easing up the East River toward Hell's Gate.

"Any bodies float by?" he asked.

"I suppose so," I said. "I've never seen any. Traditionally, most of them are outfitted in cement boots so they go to the bottom quick and stand there."

"Well," Karras said, "look close the next time you see a bunch of floaters going by and you'll see they're all old washed-up football players. They can't afford cement boots. And they'll all be linemen." Karras stared moodily out the window down at the currents. He sighed. "Quarterbacks and tight ends die comfortably, in big beds, and the Irish setter is whimpering on the other side of the door, and someone is mowing the great lawn outside the big mansion. But the linemen give it up in these little rooms in pool sections. They wake up on a cot in a room the size of a closet and

continued



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WIRETAP *continued*

they look at their pushed-in kissers in the little mirror, and they pull their old football jerseys with the number on the back out of the bottom drawer of the beat-up dresser, and they put them on and go up to the bridge there. What's the name of it?"

"That's the Triboro," I said.

"The Triboro. And they drop off the Triboro and float down here." He leaned forward. "There goes one. That's Ed Gluck, number 70, good journeyman tackle for the Eagles in the 50s. Always was a nice guy. Look how he rides nice and high in the water. Just behind him, that's Al Woekowski . . . good Polack kid who played guard for the old Yankees. He's got his jersey on inside out. Look at him turn in the water. He always had classy moves. Now who's that coming along next?" His voice rose in mock excitement. "Why, is that John Gordy . . . that old has-been from the Detroit Lions . . . number 75? Why I do declare I believe it *is* . . ."

"Can it," said Gordy. He was hunched over the tapes. He turned the volume up on the machine. The roar of the crowd in Yankee Stadium shivered in the room. For Gordy, out of football for a season, the tapes re-created scenes for which he had such nostalgia that the muscles began working in his throat and I thought he was going to start crying. Afterward, he took the tapes and edited a composite for his own use. I thought of him, occasionally, sitting in his small New York apartment (he had left his family in Detroit and was involved in the bitterness of a divorce action), playing his tapes, the volume up on his tape machine, lost in the re-creation of that bitterly cold December afternoon in Yankee Stadium.

What did it give him? I once asked.

Oh, it took him back. "But the main thing," he said, "is that I am in awe of myself. I think, 'Jeez, what it took to go through that.' I'll tell you something. It makes me proud."

"Do you play the tapes a lot?" I asked.

"From time to time," he said. "Sometimes I play them for people. Sometimes alone, when I'm down. It has a big effect on the girls." He laughed and shook his head. "It fills them with awe, too . . . They look at me different after they hear them. 'This man went through *that*!'" END

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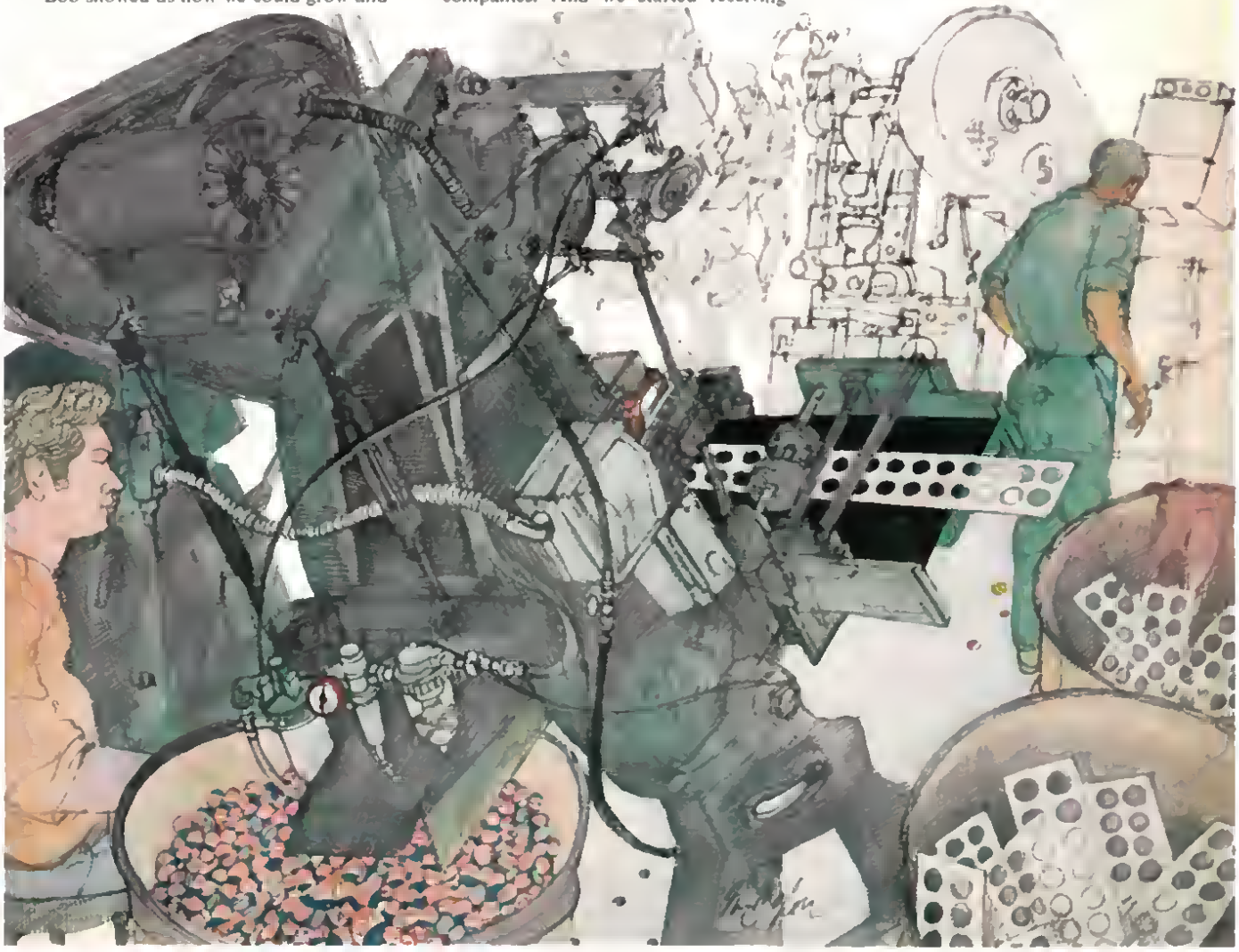
"Sometimes I think I depend on the bank too much. But then if I didn't, I would have missed a number of opportunities and we would never have gotten to be the largest button and badge manufacturer in the country." Speaking: *Frank Sitzberger, President, Adcraft Manufacturing Company*

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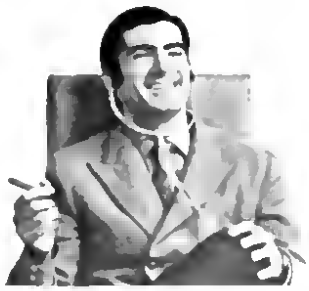
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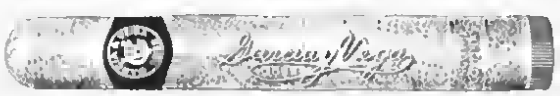
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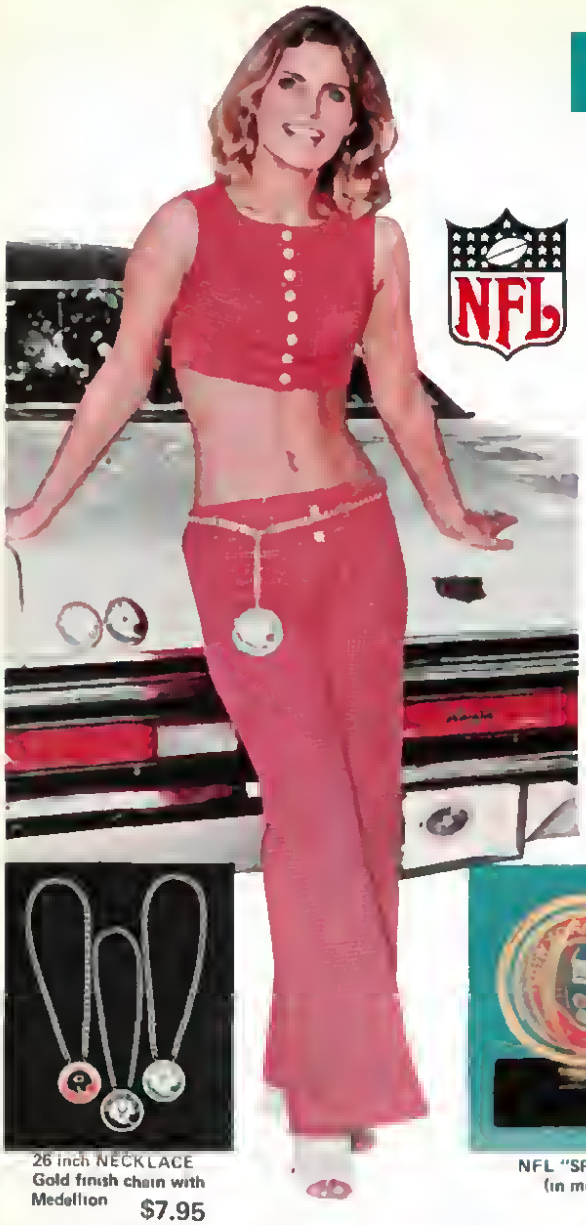


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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 31-Nov. 6

AUTO RACING—PARNELLI JONES hounded a Ford Bronco nearly the length of Baja California in 16 hours 47 minutes 35 seconds to win the Mexican 1,000 *(page 28)*

BOBBY UNSER recovered from a pour start to win the 150-mile Best Western, a USAC championship car race. Unser averaged 127 mph over the Phoenix International Raceway course breaking the 116.80 record set in 1970 by Swede Savage.

BASEBALL—The appointment of two managers, the naming of the two Cy Young Award winners and two major trades were the highlights of a post World Series week. WHITEY HERZOG director of player development for the New York Mets, was named manager of the Texas Rangers. The sports worst team with a 54-100 record. He succeeds Ted Williams. DANNY OZARK, since 1942 a player, coach or minor league manager in the Los Angeles Dodger system, was named to manage the Philadelphia Phillies succeeding interim Manager Paul Owens who retains his job as general manager. STEVE CARLTON, whose 27-10 record for the Phillies was the best in baseball, was the National League winner of the Cy Young Award while GAYLORD PERRY of the Cleveland Indians, a former National Leaguer, had a 24-16 record and was the American League winner. The Mets traded Pitchers GARY GENTRY and DANNY FRISELLA to the Atlanta Braves for Second Baseman FELIX MILLAN and Reliever GEORGE STONE. In a seven-man transaction, Pitcher JIM LONBORG, the 1967 Cy Young winner, was the key figure as Milwaukee traded him to the Phillies for Third Baseman DON MONEY.

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA. It was a night for the Philadelphia 76ers to win a game since the Celtics (the first unbeaten team), the Knicks (who were riding an eight-game streak) and the Bulls (who had six straight) all finally lost. But the 76ers lost for the 12th time under new Coach Roy Rubin. Atlanta was the culprit, 128-120, as Pete Maravich netted a season-high 44 points. There was a ray of light in the darkness, however, since John Q. Trapp scored 23 points and Leroy Ellis added 18. Both came to the 76ers earlier in the week in a trade with the Lakers for Bill Bridges and Mel Counts. The league's leading scorer, Nate Archibald, turned in another outstanding performance with a 35-point, 15-assist game as Kansas City-Omaha became the first team to stop the Celtics 118-107 *(page 26)*. Rick Barry's 26 points helped Golden State beat the Knicks 127-104, extending the Warrior victory string to five and maintaining their slight edge over the Lakers in the Pacific Division. Houston, Atlanta and Baltimore continued to make the Central Division the closest of the four. Otto Moore scored 30 points for the Rockets against Detroit, in a 118-108 triumph. Chicago, still on the heels of the Bucks in the Midwest, was a 101-99 loser at Buffalo as Dick Garrett's layup in the last 36 seconds ended the team's six-game losing streak. Now if the 76ers could get with it.

ABA. The Nets spent more time in airplanes than on the court. After a 105-97 loss at Carolina in which Billy Cunningham hit 17 of 25 shots and scored 41 points, the Nets lost to Dallas 106-99. Carolina remained in first place in the East Division and former NBA stars Cunningham and Joe Caldwell led the way. Kentucky continued to be a disappointing team, losing its sixth game in 11 outings, this one to Utah (125-122), which was battling the Pacers for first in the West. Jimmy Jones scored 27 points for the Stars in their win. At Memphis the night before, Jones had missed two of three free throws in the final three seconds as the Stars lost to the Tams 118-117 in overtime. Memphis snapped a six-game losing streak as Bunny Wilson dumped by the Pistons at the NBA earlier in the week scored 29 points.

PRO FOOTBALL—AFC. Unbeaten MIAMI, behind a 3-0 interception-driven runs by Mercury Morris, continued its dominance of the Eastern Division by defeating Buffalo 30-16. The New York Jets (5-3) lost to Washington 38-17 as Joe Namath was intercepted three times. In a meeting of Central Division leaders, PITTSBURGH was a 40-17 victor over Cincinnati. CLEVELAND jumped into a second-place tie with the Bengals (both are 5-3) as Leroy Kelly scored three in a 20-0 win over Houston. KANSAS CITY (5-3), a 27-14 winner over Oakland (4-3-1), gained the top position in the West.

NFC. WASHINGTON defeated a New York team for the second straight week when it topped the Jets behind touchdown passes of 45, 70 and 89 yards by Billy Kilmer. DALLAS (6-2) remained a game behind the Redskins with a 34-28 triumph over San Diego. The NEW YORK Giants (5-3) kept pace by beating Denver 29-17. ST. LOUIS and PHILADELPHIA doddered along to a 6-6 tie in which field goals accounted for the points. DETROIT and GREEN BAY (both 5-3) remained in a tie for first place with the Lions topping the Bears 14-0 and the Packers holding on for a 24-24 win over San Francisco. MINNESOTA remained a game behind with its 37-6 victory over New Orleans. In a Western Division meeting, LOS ANGELES pulled away from second-place Atlanta by beating the Falcons 20-7.

GOLF—MIKE HILL finished with a 273 on rounds of 67-68-69-69 to win the $25,000 first prize in the Texas Open at San Antonio.

HARNESS RACING—Driver Stanley Dancer sent SUPERBOWL (3-3-0) to the front for a 1:57¼ wire-to-wire mile victory in the $50,000 Pacific Trot at Hollywood Park. The purse of $22,500 for the colt's 18th straight win brought his earnings to $439,231, the most ever for a trotter in one year *(page 85)*.

HOCKEY—WHA. It is unlikely the Sheehan family of East Weymouth, Mass., will ever forget Friday, Nov. 3. Bobby Sheehan of the New York Raiders scored two goals and assisted on another in a 9-6 win over Winnipeg to run his season total to 21 best in the league. And before the game he received word that his mother had won the Massachusetts State Lottery to increase her earnings by $50,000—a best in any league. Sheehan's good fortune was not enough for the Raiders to overtake Cleveland in the East Division. Skip Krake put the Crusaders ahead with a 35-foot slap shot at 6:15 of the final period to break a 3-3 deadlock in a 5-3 victory over Quebec. Winnipeg, Alberta and Los Angeles all headed the West Division list earlier in the week the two last-place teams, Minnesota and Philadelphia, defeated the top clubs, Winnipeg 3-0 and Cleveland 7-5.

NHL. Well, Montreal finally lost. At least the score was in Detroit's favor, 4-2, ending the Canadiens' 13-game string. An examination of the Red Wing scoring shows the goals were netted by Leon Rochefort, Mickey Redmond, Bill Collins and Red Berenson—all former Canadiens. The Rangers had a 4-2 lead at Pittsburgh in the opening period and seemed well on the way to extending an undefeated streak (six wins and a tie). But the Penguins tied it 4-4 at the end of 40 minutes and won 6-4 as Eddie Shack scored the go-ahead goal with 3:56 remaining. Los Angeles increased its West Division lead at the expense of the New York Islanders 9-2. Center Butch Goring scored three goals, the second time in three nights.

TENNIS—STAN SMITH avenged two earlier losses to Andres Gimeno this year with a 6-2, 6-2, 7-5 victory in the $50,000 French Indoor Open Championship in Paris. He received $10,000 for defeating the man who beat him in the French Outdoor Open and in a Davis Cup match.

MILEPOSTS—FIRED: WILLIAM (Butch) VAN BREDA KOLFF as coach of the Phoenix Suns. General Manager JERRY COLANGELO, who replaced Johnny Kerr as interim coach after Kerr resigned in 1969-70, succeeds Van Breda Kolff.

NAMED: By the PGA as Player of the Year, JACK NICKLAUS, who won six titles in 1972. He also won the award in 1967.

RECALLED: By the Memphis Tams, waivers on JOHNNY NEUMANN, unclaimed by the rest of the ABA.

RESIGNED: Effective at the end of this season, DUFFY DAUGHERTY, 57, as head football coach at Michigan State after 19 years. His Spartans are 3-4-1.

WITHDREW: From the U.S. Olympic Committee, the U.S. Wrestling Federation, the third amateur athletic association to do so. It joins the NCAA and the U.S. Track and Field Federation.

DIED: BILL DURNAN, 57, after a long illness in Toronto. Considered by many to be the greatest hockey goalie of modern times, he was elected to the Hall of Fame in 1964 after a career with the Montreal Canadiens during which he won the Vezina Trophy six times.

DIED: The man who is remembered that the Red Sox buy Babe Ruth, FREDERICK PARENT, 96, the last surviving member of the 1903 Red Sox team—the first modern World Series winner, at Sanford, Maine.

CREDITS

22, 23—[illegible] 24—[illegible] Wilson from Ley[illegible] Atlanta; No[illegible] 25—Heinz Kluetmeier. Courtesy 26, 27—James D[illegible] 28, 35—Heinz Kluetmeier. 36, 38—Shively & Long. 59—Ernesto Solimi. 60—[illegible] 65—AP. 69—right Benno Friedmann. 70, 75—John D. Hanlon. 82—George Andrus. 85—WIB[illegible] 115—Honolulu Advertiser, Donald Jensen.

FACES IN THE CROWD



TOM OOUPLE, a sophomore at Hagerstown Junior College in Maryland, has been running in cross-country events for only two years but has won 11 consecutive 4.2-mile races this season. He has set one course record and led from the start in 10 of the 11.



HARRY HUFFAKER, 32, a Honolulu dentist, became the first person to swim the shark-infested Molokai Channel from Oahu to Molokai when he completed the 26.9-mile crossing in 16¼ hours. He swam at 52 strokes a minute, averaging about 1½ knots.



BOB HEALY, 17, a senior goaltender for the Worcester (Mass.) Academy soccer team, has had nine shutouts in 14 New England Prep School league games. With him at the goal, Worcester was 5-1-2 in 1971 and is 6-1-1 in 1972. Last year he recorded five shutouts.



KATIE MONAHAN, 17, of Bloomfield Hills, Mich., won the Hunter Seat Medal Class riding championship against a record 135 juniors at the Pennsylvania National Horse Show in Harrisburg. She also won the best child rider award for the second straight year.



RINGO CANTILLO, a high school student from Cincinnati playing his first year of professional soccer, was named the most valuable player in the American Soccer League. A middle defenseman, he led the Cincinnati Comets to the ASL title in their first season.



ALAN POWERS, 12, of Reno, Nev., who has been playing golf since he was seven, shot a hole in one on the 176-yard third hole at Hidden Valley Country Club. To make it official, he finished in the twilight and shot 90 after intending to play only nine holes.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE SERIES

Sirs:

Congratulations for doing your usual fine job of covering the World Series (*Mustaches All the Way*, Oct. 30). Once again it was demonstrated that good pitching dominates, and while that of both teams was excellent it would appear that Oakland's staff was just a little better than Cincinnati's. Catfish Hunter, Blue Moon Odom, Rollie Fingers, Ken Holtzman and Vida Blue were too much.

CARL F. REISS

Clemson, S.C.

Sirs:

How could you do such a thing? It was heartrending enough to read how the Reds were beaten by the A's. But to have SI state that Cincy hadn't won a Series since the infamous one of 1919 was more than I could take.

I will never forget winning a nickel from a school friend in 1940 because he was foolish enough to think Detroit could beat the Reds. My team did win that one in seven games, didn't it? If not, I'll have to pay that friend back, and even 5¢ earns a lot of interest in 32 years.

BILL WOOD

Lincoln, Neb.

Sirs:

William Leggett's running commentary on the last five games of the World Series made a hit with this reader, who has suffered with the A's since about 1937. But Leggett committed two errors: one by saying that Cincinnati hasn't won a Series since 1919 (what about 1940 when Paul Derringer and Bucky Walters bested Hank Greenberg's slugging and Boho Newsom's pitching?), and the other when you said that Gene Tenace's second hit in the final game tied the score at 2-2 (that hit put the A's ahead 2-1).

MICHAEL REYNOLDS

Denver

• Yes, there were two errors, but they were not Leggett's.—ED.

PRIME CUT

Sirs:

In answer to your editorial "How To Kill a Golden Goose" (SCORECARD, Oct. 30), is baseball really making a "stupidly self-defeating decision" when it schedules World Series games in such a way that more fans across the nation may be counted among the viewing audience?

By bowing to commercial television, baseball has rewarded millions of nine-to-five workers who faithfully follow the sport all season long and relish the opportunity to watch the Series on the tube. In past years when the Series began on a Wednesday afternoon, millions of fans were limited to watching only the third and fourth games in their entirety. At best, the rest of the games would be followed in five-minute fragments during coffee breaks, more than likely by means of transistor radios. With the present scheduling format, workers and students can watch every exciting play.

Any questions concerning the quality of play resulting from the "warped and twisted" schedule were answered emphatically by the Athletics and Reds who fought through the most closely contested Series in history. The esthetic appeal of the World Series was never higher, as America witnessed consistent, top-level baseball with memorable performances by Joe Rudi and Gene Tenace.

DICKIE KAY

New Orleans

Sirs:

I, for one, and I'm absolutely certain there are many like me, feel that to be able to see the World Series games at all was a thrill, especially because they proved to be as exciting as baseball games should be. While I watched the games on prime-time television, I wasn't concerned in the least about how much money someone else was making. All I cared about was that I finally got to see the games played during the week that ordinarily I would have missed.

Charlie Finley, who suggested having Series games at night, may have been thinking only of his pocketbook at the time, but he made a lot of people happy in the process. To follow the regular season and not be able to see the Series would be like never getting dessert after a meal. Thank you, Charlie.

LYLE BISSE

Rochester, Minn.

Sirs:

I take strong issue with your opposition to nighttime televising of World Series games. Just because you people are permitted to "leave [your] desks to gather around a TV set for a couple of hours" doesn't mean that the majority of baseball fans enjoy such a privilege. It may come as a revelation to you that most of us work for employers who take a very dim view of taking time out to watch even a World Series. So please don't knock it when baseball's bigwigs give us working stiffs at least part of the Series in prime evening television time. We're hoping that eventually all seven games will be played at night, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED notwithstanding.

ART MORAN

Cincinnati

Sirs:

As always, your timely comments on events of day-by-day sports happenings are to the point. I refer to your comment concerning the television executives who picked the time when they wanted to televise the World Series, at the expense of the game itself. If they keep going, they'll have Uncle Sam and controls down their backs before they know it, and it will serve those money-hungry guys right!

GILBERT MARCUS

Chicago

PACKER BACKERS

Sirs:

I must commend your staff for a superlative article on the Green Bay Packers and their young and soon-to-be-great quarterback, Scott Hunter (*Green Bay Turns with the Tide*, Oct. 30). There is no doubt in my mind that Hunter is going to be a Starr of the future. Thank you very much.

GEORGE R. WOODS

Lowry AFB, Colo.

Sirs:

From this Packer fan thanks go to Tex Maule for a fine article on the absence of any Alabama-bred generation gap between the then and now Green Bay quarterbacks.

There has been a great deal of senseless anti-Devine sentiment in Packerland since Dan became coach. Perhaps now that a writer of Maule's prestigious stature has acknowledged Devine's accomplishments, the local "toilet paper makers" will become believers in the pleasing potency of "fine Devine wine."

JOE BROWN

Oconomowoc, Wis.

THE DAVIS CUP

Sirs:

Your article concerning the Davis Cup matches (*Mr. Smith Goes to Bucharest*, Oct. 23) was excellent. I think it is amazing that the United States has never recognized the fact that in any kind of international competition with Communist nations, we are always at a disadvantage. It seems we allow the administrators of athletics in those nations to make rules that are stupid and, in some cases, unfair. We also allow the antics of an Ion Tiriac to go unpunished.

After the Olympic robberies, we should take a good look at our participation in these international events. Let's insist on equal conditions for all athletes and fair and impartial officials. I am tired of hearing how everyone is "catching up to us." Our men and women need only fair conditions, and we will see how much catching up has been done.

continued

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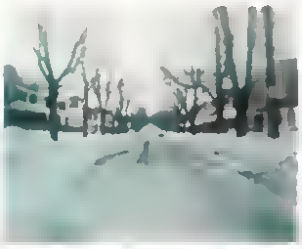
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Of course, when we do encounter inequities like those in Rumania, it is even more gratifying to ram it right down their throats. Hats off to Stan Smith and Eric van Dillen for their gutsy show.

KENNETH I. BUTLER
Newtonville, Mass.

Sirs:

The good name of lawn tennis has been befouled by a pair of tennis thugs, aided, I may add, by the captain of their Davis Cup team.

The Rumanian umpire and linesmen knew no better—their responsibility was to do their utmost to defeat the U.S. team, and no set of officials ever performed more zealously. Their miscalls had to be seen to be believed. Certainly they went beyond the call of duty. A special medal should be struck off for them—an iron tennis ball with tennis racket cluster, perhaps.

With the two players, Ilie Nastase and Ion Tiriac, however, it was quite another matter. They knew better. Over the years these two have enjoyed the hospitality, good sportsmanship and friendship of the tennis-playing nations throughout the world. They should be held responsible for the outrageous stalling, arguing, filthy language and general roguery with which they insulted the game, the gallery and my wife and me personally. They brought discredit upon their nation and they conducted themselves in a manner prejudicial to the best interests and image of the game. The International Lawn Tennis Federation and the national associations of which it is formed should not have to ponder long before taking disciplinary action suspending those two from tennis competitions over which they have control.

If some way cannot be devised to ensure that Davis Cup matches in the future are conducted in the true sporting manner envisioned in 1900 by Dwight F. Davis, the donor of the cup, it would be a far better and more graceful thing for this grand sporting event to be discontinued and for its great traditional trophy to be retired with full honors.

JAMES VAN ALEN
Newport

Sirs:

Bad may be beautiful, but character always wins. In his earlier article on Ilie Nastase (*Bad Is Beautiful*, Oct. 16), Curry Kirkpatrick tried to show that being a clown and using bad manners and generally disruptive court tactics have brought success and fame to the Rumanian. But he missed the true story.

Granted, Nastase has a great talent and should improve even more in the next two years. But it takes more than just talent and flamboyancy to make a champion.

continued

How John Hancock helped Ed Noyes become a successful dropout.



Ed Noyes chucked it all.

He gave up his up-and-coming career as an executive in industrial plastics.

He gave up his jangling, city-stirred nerves.

And best of all, he traded his complicated life for a simpler one. In the serene rolling hills of Ipswich, Massachusetts.

Ed bought a Country Federal farmhouse built around 1800, and started remodeling it for his family. After the house was fixed up, Ed and his family started a modest ski shop in the basement.

But, as fate would have it, their tiny enterprise started growing. And life became complicated again. Ed wanted to buy more life insurance for his family but he found that all his money was tied up in the new business.

Fortunately, Ed found an insurance man who could help him. John Serbin of John Hancock. John has been trained by Hancock to develop creative life insurance programs to fit in with a family's lifestyle. We call it Lifestyle Insurance.

He showed Ed how he could afford the insurance he needed by saving money on his business expenses.

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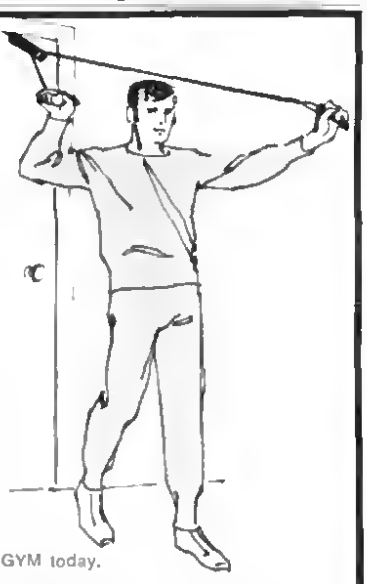
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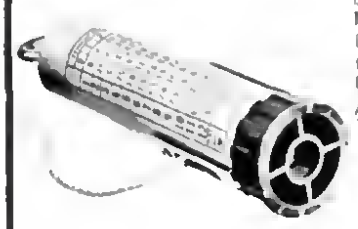
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Consider the many meetings between Nastase and Stan Smith of the U.S. The patience, sportsmanship and determination displayed by Smith seem to greatly overshadow the temperamental outbursts of Nastase. Let's give credit where it is due. In a really big match, I would want Stan Smith to represent me, as he has done so well for America on countless occasions.

JACK ARMISTEAD
Tennis Coach
Christopher Newport College
Newport News, Va.

THE CHASE

Sirs:

Rick Telander's mastery of comedy and insight is a welcome addition. In my opinion his articles—*Football Is Like a Rose* (July 31) and *I'll Catch You and Wring Your Neck!* (Oct. 30) are two of the finest I've read in your magazine. He has the ability to bring the reader quickly and totally into his stories. Don't let him get away from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and, above all, encourage him to keep writing. From now on the first thing I'll look for in SI will be another Telander gem.

BRUCE G. FEUSTEL
Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

Rick Telander's article brought back many fond memories. When we were seventh- and eighth-graders, my friends and I "got chased" every Friday night on the north side of Indianapolis. I went on to run on Big Ten championship track teams.

CRAIG TOENSING
Madison, Conn.

Sirs:

I nominate Rick Telander for Sportsman of the Year. Along with my comrades of the now-defunct Locust Street Tigers I can finally accept our soiled past as a tribute to the true national pastime. Long live The Chase!

MICHAEL J. LANG
Columbus, Ohio

GOING COED

Sirs:

In SCORECARD (Oct. 23) you said things are stirring "on the supposedly calm male side" of tennis with the formation of the National Tennis League. That made us lose our calm because one of the main new concepts of the NTL is to have women on the same team as men for the first time in any major pro sport. Our league will be composed of five-player teams in intercity play, with each match consisting of women's games as well as men's.

In addition to that, we expect our women to blaze the way in new tennis fashions, since we are prohibiting the use of white uni-

continued

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President
National Tennis League, Inc.
Pittsburgh

IN THE GROOVE

Sirs:

I have never written to a magazine before, but I felt I had to thank you for the article *The Ball to a Super Bowl* (Oct. 23) by Don Johnson. It was very informative and beautifully illustrated. My husband and I bowl for fun but I was having trouble with my delivery and follow-through. After reading the instruction, I realized what I was doing wrong and my score has already started to improve.

MONICA SHIPLEY
Kansas City, Kans.

Sirs:

Thank you for a long-awaited article on Don Johnson and bowling. Although it is the nation's favorite participant sport, bowling has received almost no attention in national magazines. I hope that this article will start a trend.

THOM E. GLASS
Millersville, Pa.

DR. OUTLAND

Sirs:

I was a little surprised by the statement by Mike Reid concerning his lack of knowledge of John Outland, donor of the Outland Trophy awarded each year to the outstanding lineman in college football (SCORECARD, Oct. 9). Outland was not only a very good lineman at Pennsylvania, he was named an All-America tackle one year (1897) and the next year an All-America halfback, a double honor that few if any other players have received. He became a respected surgeon in Kansas City, Mo., and was among the first physicians to use an airplane in his practice. He also coached University of Kansas football in 1901, was the father of the Kansas Relays in 1923 and served as a football official for years. It would seem to me a fine thing that thousands of people do remember Dr. Outland 75 years after some of his accomplishments.

WINSTAN L. ANDERSON, M.D.
Lawrence, Kans.

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